ARIOS
SEVEN PLANE
Gouerning ITAL
OR
HIS SATYRS IN SEVE
Famous discourses, shewing the estat

1. *Of the Court, and Courtiers.*
2. *Of Libertie, and the Clergy in general.*
3. *Of the Romane Clergie.*
4. *Of Marriage.*
5. *Of Soldiers, Musitians, and*
6. *Of Schoolemasters and Scholler*
7. *Of Honour, and the happiest life.*

Newly Corrected and Augmented, with many excellent note worthy Notes, together with a new Addition of *most excellent Elegies, written by the same* LODOVICO ARIOSTO, the effect whereof is contained in the Argument.

Quite suite sut.

LONDON
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streete neere the Conduit.

UMI

TO THE READER.



Entle Reader, the vertuous, with their owne, hauing alwaies regard to an others good, do painfully beſtow houres, dayes, and yeares, to make that eaſie to others, which they with great labour haue obtained; in their places, vſing all meanes, to reclaime all perſons from all manner vices, and to furniſh them with ſuch gifts of grace, as make the poſſeſſors all ioyntly happy. From the man of experience, which hath learning and wiſedome, thou mayſt bee ſure to receiue good inſtruction. I know my ſelfe vnable to giue the Author of this booke, his due commendation: if I were, and did, yet ſhould I ſeeme to ſome, to flatter; to others, not to haue ſaid enough: wherefore for thy contentment, let this ſuffice thee: the author had his education with the learned, his liuing among the greateſt concourſe of people, and his life vnreprooueable. For his gifts, the world hath already had ſufficient experience, in that famous worke of *Orlando Furioſo*. Whoſoeuer thou art, I dare aſſure thee, thou mayeſt in this diſcourſe (as in a glaſſe) ſee thy preſent eſtate, and ſo not miſſe to iudge rightly of thy end. In reading thou ſhalt finde pleaſure, both in the matter and forme, by conſidering thou ſhalt be able to inſtruct thy ſelfe and others; but by practiſing as thou ought, thou ſhalt finde ſetled happineſſe. Let the example of others be thy inſtruction, to flye that euill which hath beene their ouerthrow, and to embrace that good which was their aduancement. Be thankfull firſt to God, then to the author, and laſtly to thy Country-man, who for thy ſake without any other recompence, hath taken the paines in moſt exquiſite manner, to bee thy interpreter.

Vale.

The Argument of the whole worke,

and the reaſons why Lodouico Arioſto *writ* theſe Seauen Satyres.



HE reaſons why Maſter Lodouico Arioſto *writ theſe ſeauen Satyres, ſo much renowned and eſteemed amongſt all the Italians, were grounded vpon theſe fiue principles or diſcontentments,*

Firſt, the Poet being giuen wholly vnto his booke and ſtudie, was in the twentieth yeare of his age (at what time he began to write his Orlando Furioſo*) entertained into the ſeruice of* Don Hypolito, *Cardinall of Eſta, a great fauourer of learning and good wits: where he continued certaine yeares at his ſtudie, being imployed by his Lord in many matters of great importance, vntill this ſtrange accident hapned, which was the firſt occaſion why he fell into diſgrace with his Lord and maſter; and this it was.*

The Cardinall Hypolito *Maſter vnto* Arioſto, *falling in loue with a yong Lady his kinſwoman (who for her owne part was no leſſe enamored of* Don Iulio *the naturall brother vnto the Cardinall) ſhe confeſſed vnto him, that the onely thing which occaſioned her (aboue all other) to affect his brother, was the ſweet aſpect and beauty of his eyes; vpon which the Cardinall grew into ſo great a hatred againſt his owne brother, that by iealouſie turning his loue into too violent fury, he ſet eſpials ouer* Don Iulio *when he ſhould goe out of the towne on hunting, and ſet vpon him with a company of villaines, whom the Cardinall commanded in his owne preſence to thruſt out the eyes of his brother, becauſe they onely were the choice companions of his loue; an act no leſſe infamous to the Cardinall, then intollerable to all humane gouernment. Whereupon the Cardinall to eſcape all puniſhment that might happen to be inflicted vpon him, he preſently fled to* Agria *a City in* Hungary, *whereof he was Archbiſhop, and liued there vntill the death of* Iulio *the ſecond then Pope of Rome, to auoid his fury*

who

who was much incenſed againſt him. And becauſe Arioſto would not follow him thither, as other of his ſeruants in his ranke did, he tooke it marueilouſly ill at his hands, and caſting him from fauour vpon ſo ſlight an occaſion, gaue the Poet a ground for his inuention.

The ſecond cauſe of his diſcontentment was, that he being of very familiar and inward acquaintance with the Medices of Florence, of which family two were Popes in his time, the one Leo the tenth, the other Clement the ſeuenth, both which he followed in good will, and ſtood them in great ſtead as well when they were baniſhed their country, as when they liued as priuate men in their own citie: but when he ſaw his expectation was deceiued, and that he found them not ſo ready to requite his ſeruice as himſelfe imagined he had (and that rightly) deſerued, hee gaue them ouer quickly, and left the Romane Court, retyring himſelfe to liue priuately in Florence. For aboue all things he loued not to dance long attendance at the Court for any preferment, neither would he be bound (longer then he pleaſed) vnto any man, although he might haue had neuer ſo much, he prizing his libertie at ſo high a rate, as he eſteemed the ſame more then the beſt Cardinals hat in Rome, as himſelfe in his ſecond Satyre affirmeth more plainly.

The third cauſe which made him paſſionate, was this: his father dying, left him a great charge, and very little liuing, there being fiue brothers of them, and as many ſiſters (beſides his old mother) all which lay vpon his hands to prouide for them, which was no ſmall corſiue vnto him, to be troubled with ſo many worldly buſineſſes, he being giuen by nature to eaſe, and to ſit quietly at his booke; and this grieued him ſo much, as oftentimes he was giuing ouer his ſtudy cleane, meaning to follow the world another while, had it not beene that hee was perſwaded to the contrary by a gentleman a deare friend and kinſman of his, whom he dearely loued, called Pandolfo Arioſto, whoſe death afterward he very much lamented.

The fourth cauſe of diſcontentment was, he was much galled with the loue of women, whereunto he was a little too much giuen, it being a veniall ſinne amongſt the Italians; yet is he the rather to be pardoned, in that he often confeſſeth his fault, and ſheweth himſelfe to be ſory for the ſame, wiſhing that he could haue amended it: and alſo becauſe he denoted himſelfe vnto the ſeruice of ſuch as were honorable, as was

that moſt faire and vertuous widow deſcended of the noble family of the Lapi *in Florence, as he himſelfe teſtifieth in one of his Canzons, in which he celebrateth the beauties and honors of his Miſtriſſe, ſetting downe therein the time when, and the place where he firſt was inamoured of her; which was in Florence, in the yeare* 1513. *vpon Saint* Iohn Baptiſts *day in Iune: at what time the Florentines vnder the conduct of their chiefe Captaines,* Iulian *and* Peter di Medices, *did ſolemnize many great feaſts, and preſented diuers rich ſhewes and plaies before the people, in honor of their brother* Leo *the tenth, who then was newly choſen Pope. But after Cardinall* Hypolito *died,* Alfonſo *Duke of Ferrara allured* Arioſto *by all the meanes he could vnto his Court, offering him great offices and preferments to haue ſerued him in ordinary; but he louing his liberty more then any treaſure, refuſed his profer, and yet not altogether in ſuch ſort, but that in ſome faſhion he was content to retaine vnto him. Againe, had hee beene giuen to haue ſought wealth, and to haue heaped riches together, he could no way haue been without them; for diuers great Princes being willing to haue had him liue in their Courts with them, made tender of many great penſions vnto him; but he accepted of none, onely he was content to offer his ſeruice (as I ſaid before) to the afore ſaid Duke* Alfonſo, *whom he choſe rather for country ſake, and of meere loue to the place wherein he was borne, then for any great gaine or promotion which he expected.*

Fiftly and laſtly, to conclude, he wrote theſe Saytires in Cardinall Hypolitoes *time, and whileſt he continued with* Alfonſo *Duke of Ferrara, who amongſt other fauours done vnto him, made him preſident or lieuetenant of a country called Graſſignana (ſubiect vnto his Dukedome:) but becauſe the people were very factious, and the country rebellious, and therefore he troubled ouer much with them, he tooke ſmall pleaſure in that gouernment, but rather mightily complaineth thereof, as is to be ſeene in the fourth and ſeuenth Saytire.*

He was borne in Anno 1474. *in the Caſtle* Reggio, *which ſtandeth in Lombardy, his father at that time being gouernour thereof. He died of a paine he had in his ſtomacke, and was buried in Saint* Bennets *Church in Ferrara, hauing a faire monument of marble with his ſtatue placed thereupon, and an Epitaph which a gentleman a friend of his beſtowed vpon him.*

The

THE FIRST SATYR OF ARIOSTOS.

THE ARGVMENT.

He ſheweth what qualities ſuch men ought to haue, who go about to purchaſe credite and wealth in the Courts of Princes: and that both his ſeruice and his writings haue beene moſt vngratefully requited by his Lord and Maſter.

To his brother Maſter A. A. *and his friend* L. B.

BRother, both of your ſelfe, and my friend,
I faine would know the doubts vncertaine end:
Whether the Court thinke of vs as we be,
Or in obliuion drownes our memory.
Whether my Lord accuſe my ſtaying heere:
Or if I haue a friend ſo nobly deere,
As in mine abſence will excuſe my blame,
And gainſt mine imputations, reaſons frame:
That all be others follow him, yet I
May ſtay behind with ample honeſty.
Or whether all of you moſt learnedly
Read in the wealthy rules of flattery,
(That Goddeſſe of great Courtiers) rather augment
By your ſoft ſmoothings, his high diſcontent:
And ſo lift vp the fury of his heart,
Beyond both reaſon, ſenſe, and my deſart.
Well: if you do ſo; you are then moſt wiſe:

For

For so in these dayes Courtiers onely rise,
He is a foole that striues to liue by losse,
And t'is wits madnesse when our Prince we crosse:
Not though he said he saw the mid-day bright,
Couered with starres as in the darke of night;
No, he that will by great mens fauours liue,
To sooth and flatter, must by no meanes grieue.
Let greatnesse either praise or discommend,
Do we not see how his attendants send,
Their verdicts forth, to iumpe with what he saies
Like Echos, or the Actors of stage plaies?
And from their lips send vollies of consent,
(As ift'were done by Act of Parliament.
And if by chance, any amongst them be,
(As t'were most strange in such a company)
That dares not speake so much for bashfulnesse,
Yet shall his looke applaud it neretheleſſe:
And his oyld shining countenance tell, that he
In silence doth commend their flattery.
Though this in others you do discommend,
Yet me it doth much reputation lend:
Because what euer my resolues haue moulded,
I plainly with[illegible]ery haue vnfolded,
And vtterd for[illegible] reasons in such sort,
That no disgrace could to my fame retort:
The least of which in this extremity.
I hold of worthy strong validity.
As first my life, which nature bids me prize,
Aboue all wealth thats vnderneath the skies:
Nor will I it by folly shorter make,
Then fortune or the heauens predestinate.
If I should spend in trauaile my best times,
And sucke th'infectious aire of forraine climes,
Being already sickly, I should die,
a Else *Valentine* and *Posthumus* do lie.
Againe, men say I know my bodies state,
Better then any other can relate:
Can iudge what for my selfe is good or ill,

a Two famous Physitions belonging to *Alphonzo* Duke of Ferrara, the second of that name, the last of which is said to haue beene b rne with a greene palme in his hand, & therefore it was thought hee would prooue an excellent Physitian, as afterward he did.

And

And therefore am referd to mine owne skill;
Which being ſo, I know my natures ſtrength
Can not endure your cold climes: as at length,
Your ſelues haue prou'd, and found that Italy
Doth farre exceed the North in dignitie.
Beſides, the cold doth not offend me more,
Then doth their ſtoues, whoſe heate I much abhor;
My nature being ſuch, that euen the ſent
I loath as't were a plague maleuolent.
Nor in the winter breathes with you a man,
Without his hot houſe, bath, or warming pan;
Where here with vs, nature doth order keepe,
We drinke vntill we ſweat, ſweat till we ſleepe:
Eate til our iawes ake, game til our bones are wearie,
Kiſſe till our lips ſmart: all things make vs merrie.
Then who that comes from vs, with you can liue
In health, or to himſelfe contentment giue?
b When like *Riphæan* ſnowy mountaines hie,
Many through ſharpneſſe of the aire doe die.
As for my ſelfe, the vapours which exhale,
And from my queaſie ſtomacke riſe and fall,
Breeding Catarrhes, and my ſicke braines vnreſt,
Which ſoone from thence fal downe into my breaſt;
Would quickly rid me, in one night I know,
Both of my life and ſickneſſe at a blow.
Adde vnto this the ſtrenght of fuming wine,
Which boyles like poyſon in theſe veines of mine,
Which cuſtome makes them quaffe and to carowſe;
Who doth refuſe, is ſacrilegious.
Their meate with pepper, and with ſpices hot,
Is mixt, to make them reliſh more the pot:
Which diet *Reaſon* my Phyſitian ſaith,
Will make my ſorrow long, and ſhort my breath.
But you will anſwere me, that if I pleaſe,
My ſelfe may be the Steward of mine eaſe,
And both prouide warm lodgings and ſound friends,
Who will not tie me to thoſe drunken ends,
Which cuſtome and the countries liberty,

b He compareth that part of Hungary where the Cardinal was, vnto the cold *Riphæan* mountaines in Scythia, which are euer couered ouer with ſnow.

Hath knit to men of place and quality.
You'le say I may prouide my selfe a Cooke;
Whose care might ouer my prouision looke:
And that my selfe according to my pleasure
Might with my coyne, my conduit water measure,
Whilest you and your associates with delight,
Should make of one iust length both day and night:
And I like to a Charterhouse close Fryer,
Sit in my chamber, and attend my fire,
Eate mine owne breath, and most impatiently,
Like § *Timon* liue without mans company.
And yet this is not all, behinde is worse,
I must haue household stuffe, to plague my purse:
Both for my kitchin, and my chambers grace,
As fathers furnish brides in such a case.
c Besides, if master *Pasquin*, from his loue,
For once or twice, should daine but to approue,
To dresse my meat alone; yet in the end,
He would my seuere humour discommend,
And say, if such particulars I hold,
I must prouide a Cooke of mine owne mould.
And truely were my wealth strong as my will,
Such counsell I would earnestly fulfill.
d Or if I had *Francisco Steuiars* wealth,
No Prince should be more followed then my selfe:
But this great charge, I can no way support,
My meanes doth yeeld my minde so little comfort.
Besides, if to my Steward I should say,
(What best these watrish humours doth alay)
That buy, and buy (what ere thou paiest) the best,
Because such things my stomacke doth disgest:
If once or twice to please me he do frame,
Foure times at least, he will forget the same.
Not daring sometimes buy them from this feare,
Lest I should loathe it cause the price is deere.
Hence comes it, oft I feed on bread alone,
Which breedes in me the cholicke and the stone.
Hence I liue priuate; hence I am subiect much;

§ *Timō* was a Nobleman of Athens, who for the ingratitude of that citty became so inhumane that he grew in hate of all mens companies.

c This was Cardinall *Hypolitoes* Cooke, whom hee had with him into Hungary.

d This was one of the greatest landed men in Ferrara, whose father maried the base daughter of *Borzo*, sometime Duke of that Citie, by whom he had a mighty Masse of tresure.

e To choler, and to euery peeuiſh tuch:
Fretting and fuming with ſuch peeuiſhneſſe,
That in my beſt friends, I leaue doubtfulneſſe.
§ e *Apollo* thee I thanke, it is thy will,
And you faire *Muſes* of the learned hill,
I find that for your ſakes I not poſſeſſe
Apparell that will cloath my nakednesſe.
But ſay, my Lord doth (as it is moſt true)
Each ſeuerall yeare make me apparell new:
Yet for your ſakes that he performes the ſame,
Tis moſt vntrue, or ſo to thinke a blame.
Himſelfe auowes as much, and well I may
With reputation write what he doth ſay;
Yet am no nearer my cares to rehearſe,
Sith he reſpects ſtrawes better then my verſe.
All creatures can commend ſweet poeſie,
But none reſpect the Poets pouerty.
f That famous worke which I in painefull wiſe
Compos'd to raiſe his glories to the skies,
He doth deny the merit of all fame,
Learning muſt beg; but rich men are to blame.
To gallop vp and downe, and poſt it hard,
My Lord auowes t'is he deſerues reward,
Who keepes his banquet-houſe and banco ſweet:
And like a Spaniell waites vpon his feet.
That nicely playes the ſecret Chamberlaine,
And watches euery houre with great paine:
Or he that to his bottles cleanly lookes,
And cooles his ale or wine in running brookes:
Or elſe his Page that dares not cloſe an eye,
Vntill the *Bergamiskes* induſtriouſly
Doe beat on their anuils, whoſe very ſound
Brings the poore ſleepy boy into a ſwound.
To theſe he giues his great beneuolence,
And doth approue their worthes by recompence.
He ſaith if in my bookes he prayſed be,
T'is nothing or to him, or vnto me,
And that it was the ſeede of idle time,

e *Arioſto* by nature was very cholerick, to be mooued for any ſmal trifle, as may appeare by the breaking of the porters pots, which is ſpoken of in the ſtory of his life.
§ *Apollo* was the god of wiſedome, and only fauourer of Poets and Learning.

f He meaneth *Orlando Furioſo*, about which worke *Arioſto* ſpent almoſt 18 yeares, taking his ſubie& out of Count Boyardo, Earle of Scandiane in Lumbardy, who finiſht 3. bookes of *Orlando Inamorato*.

Nouriſht by vanity and fooliſh rime;
And from my ſeruice he might more haue gained,
If I in other ſort to him retained.
g What if within the Millan Chancery,
Vnder the ſhew of ſome authority,
He hath beſtow'd not fully out a third,
Of that true gaine the place might well afford
Vnto my labour? yet what was done therein,
Was, that my trauell might his profit bring;
And that mine endleſſe trauell and my cares,
Might bring an end vnto his great affaires.
Wel: § *Virgil* if thou wilt be worldly wiſe,
Let my too deare bought counſell thee aduiſe;
Thy harp, thy bookes, thy verſe with darkneſſe ſhade
And in thine old age learne ſome handy trade:
Or if thou hopeſt in this world to gaine,
Some office get, or to ſome Prince retaine:
For worſe plague I neare wiſh mine enemy,
Then to be famous for ſweete Poetry.
Yet this be ſure, thy liberty is loſt,
Vncertainty of place ſo deare doth coſt.
Nor thinke although thou liueſt vntill thy haire
Like flakes of ſnowie *Apenins* appeare,
Or that thy Lord as many old daies haue,
As aged *Neſtor* bore vnto his graue:
Thinke not, I ſay, that thou ſhalt euer come,
By him or by his meanes to higher roome.
Or if once tierd with ſeruitude thou pleaſe
But to looke backe or turne vnto thine eaſe;
Bleſt maiſt thou be if he vouchſafe to take,
But from thee what he gaue for vertues ſake;
And ſo without more thought of iniury,
Send thee away with threed-bare charity.
As for my ſelfe what euer he hath giuen,
If he backe take and make my fortunes euen,
h Becauſe that *Buda* neither *Agria* I
Would ſee, or follow him in *Hungarie*:
Yet I miſlike not, force makes me content,

And

g This was a certaine office of no great value in *Millaine*, which the Cardinall beſtowed vpon him.

§ *Virgill* was the moſt famous Poet of *Mantua*, and in hye eſteeme with *Auguſtus* the Emperour.

h Two famous cities in Hũgary, whereof the firſt now called *Oſen*, hath vnder the walles towards the northweſt ſide, two fountaines or ſprings running out of a maine hill, the one of which is paſſing cold, & yet ſauoreth of brimſtone, & the other ſo hot that one cannot ſuffer his finger in it. The other citty called *Agria* was an Archbiſhopricke, and the Cardinall Lord thereof, where he ſtaid during the papacy of *Iulio* the ſecond, whoſe fury he feared, becauſe he had delt ſo vnnaturally & barbarouſly with his owne brother, as is ſhewed before in the generall argument. Both theſe townes are now ſubiect to the *Turke*.

And ſhall doe, ſince againſt me he is bent;
Although away thoſe proſperous plumes he bring,
Which euen himſelfe did fixe vnto my wing;
Although he doe exclude me from all grace,
And will not ſmile on me with chearefull face
i Although he ſay I am diſloiall proued,
Reſpectleſſe, baſe, vnworthy to be loued;
And that his publike ſpeeches doe declame,
How much he hates my memory and name:
Yet patience ſhall within my boſome ſit,
And thinke that I was borne to ſuffer it.
This was the reaſon that I haue remoued
My beſt obſeruance, ſince I was not loued:
Knowing it was effectles to approue
To bring incenſed greatnes backe to loue.
k *Rogero*, if thy royall progeny,
From their diſdaine blaſt me with obliquie,
And I from them haue nothing got, altho
Their worthy valours and braue deeds I ſhoe,
Spending my time and wit moſt ſtudiouſly,
To raiſe them tombes vnto eternity;
Then what ſhould I doe with them? tis well knowne
l I am no falkoner, all my art is flowne
From ſuch light vanities: I haue not the skill,
To make my ſpaniels noſes pleaſe my will:
Nor was I euer brought vp to the ſame,
Or can thereto my worſt indeauours frame:
For I am big, vnwieldly, groſſe and fat,
And ſuch ſtrong motions gree not with my ſtate.
I haue no curious taſte, or eye offire,
To pleaſe the tongue or the vnchaſt deſire.
Steward nor Cater to a noble man
I was not borne to be, I nothing can
In thoſe low offices. It had bin good,
I then had liu'd when men eate homely food.
m *Giſmunds* accounts, I will not one me take,

i The Cardinal *Hypolito* was much incenſed againſt *Arioſto*, becauſe he would not follow him into Hungary, as the reſt of his men did.

k. The houſe of Eſta is ſaid to haue deſcended from *Rogero* that famous Palladine which belonged vnto *Charles* the great. This *Rogero* is reported to come from the ſtock of *Alexander* the great; his father was King of Riza not far from the mountaine of *Carena* & his mother was called fair e *Galacuella*, who was ſiſter vnto *Agramant* King of Affricke, whoſe chiefe citty was Bizerta, quite raced and deſtroyed by *Charles* the great, and his Palladines. *Rogero* afterwards loſt his life through the treaſon of that notable arch-traytor *Gano*, falling into a wonderfull deepe pit, wherein he with *Gradaſſo* King of Sericano, who had maried *Rogeres* ſiſter *Marſyza*, were moſt pitifully famiſhed to death: for which, with other horrible treaſons more, *Gano* being after taken, was torne in peeces with wild horſes.

l. *Arioſto* neither loued hunting, hawking, nor much riding; for growing in yeares hee became very corpulent, groſſe and vnwieldy.

m This was the Cardinals Steward, meaning he would not, if he might, haue his place, although he fared very daintily; for he was giuen by nature to feed meanely and groſſely.

n Nor

n Pope *Iulio* the second, intending to make warres vpon the Duke of Ferrara, (whose brother the Cardinall *Hypolito* was) *Arioſto* was choſen as a moſt fit man to goe in ambaſſage vnto him, toe pacifie his wrath, which buſineſſe he managedſo wel, that he wan great reputation vpon his returne home againe: yet the aforeſayd Pope, afterward falling out againe with the Duke, and euery man ſhúning the office of Ambaſſadour vnto him, knowing his furious and angry nature; *Arioſto* once more for the ſeruice of his Prince, and the ſafety of his country, did aduentur to take this hard enterpriſe in hand, where he had like to haue loſt his life, but that he ſecretly got away. This Pope *Iulio* was fitter to haue beene a Souldier then a Prieſt, of whom it is ſayd, that hearing he had loſt certaine of his army in the battell, apparelled himſelfe in compleat armour, and marching on the way as he came ouer Tyber, he in a gre t rage threw the keyes of *Peter* therin, ſaying, he would ſee if the ſword of *Paul* would ſtand him in better ſteed.

o He alludeth to a certaine ſigne in Rome, where a man is painted, waiting and attending on a Beare.

§ By theſe he taxeth certaine vnworthy gentlmen in Rome who being allyed vnto the Pope were called vnto dignities vndeſeruedly.

n Nor vnto Rome an idle iourney make,
Poſting with all my reaſons to aſſwage
The fiery heate of great *Secundus* rage.
But ſay, my fortune at ſuch ods ſhould runne,
That needes by me ſuch ſeruice muſt be done:
I feare me in the buſineſſe would be found,
Dangers more great, and able to confound.
Beſides, if ſuch hard ſeruices muſt be,
And that men muſt attend with ſlauery,
o As doth *Arctophylax* vpon the Beare:
He that deſires to purchaſe gold ſo deere
Let him enioy it freely; for my ſelfe
I will not at ſo high rate buy my wealth.
Before aduancement in ſuch ſort ſhall pleaſe,
Ile only ſtudy how to gaine mine eaſe:
Rather then cares ſhall compaſſe me about
And from my mind thruſt contemplation out:
Which though my body it enrich not right,
Yet to my mind it addes ſuch rare delight,
That it deſerueth in immortall ſtories,
To be enrold with all admired glories.
And hence it comes, my pouerty I beare,
As it on earth my beſt of beſt things were.
This makes that brothell wealth I doe not loue,
Or that great name or titles doe me moue:
Or any State allurements ſo adore,
That I will ſell my liberty therefore.
This makes me neuer to deſire or craue,
What I not hope for, nor am like to haue.
Nor choler nor diſdaine doth me aſſaile,
Nor inward enuy ſhewes my count'nance pale;
Sith § *Maron* or *Celio* are Lords created,
Or from low baſeneſſe into greatnes ſtated.
Nor doe I care for ſitting at great tables,
Soothing the humour of theſe puſpaſt bables;
But hold them as the ſcum of foolery,
Whom rymers taxe in idle balladry.

That

That I without attendants am content,
To walke on foote, and make my ſelfe conſent
To follow mine affaires; and when I ride,
To knit my cloake-bag to my horſes ſide,
As much doth pleaſe me, as at my command,
A world of mercenary knaues did ſtand.
And ſure I thinke my ſin is leſſe each way,
In this (for I reſpect not what men ſay).
Then when in Court I am infor'ſt to bribe,
And euery ſcornefull proud delay abide;
Ere our moſt lawfull ſuites vnto the Prince,
We can preferre, and be diſpatch from thence:
Or ſlander honeſt titles, or ſubuert,
Right without reaſon, conſcience or deſert;
Only to ſhew our malice, or whats worſe,
(Becauſe thereon doth hang a heauy curſe)
To make poore Parſons buy their tenths ſo deare,
That they are double forc't their ſheepe to ſheare.
Beſides, it makes me with a pure deuotion,
Thanke my good God for my lowe ſafe promotion,
And that where ere I come I this haue proued,
I liue amongſt the beſt, and am beloued.
Tis knowne, though I no ſeruice had, I haue
p Goods to maintaine me, and to buy a graue.
That which to me from birth and fortune came,
Is ſuch as I may boaſt without my ſhame:
But for I will not worke your too much paine,
To my firſt ſong I will returne againe;
That I no true occaſion haue to grieue,
Becauſe in your commercement I not liue.
I haue already ſtrenght of reaſons ſhowne,
And yet if more ſhould be vnto you knowne,
It would be to no end; ſith I doe ſee,
That our opinions warres will not agree.
Yet with one other more I will conteſt,
Becauſe I hold it ſtronger then the reſt:
If I from my poore q houſe ſhould ſtart away,

p *Arioſto* being of naturede, ſirous to be quiet, and to bee his owne man, had rather haue a ſmall thing of his own, then to ſerue others & enioy much: for indeede his liuing was but ſmall, although hee ſet a good face on the matter.

q Although *Arioſto* were his fathers eldeſt Son, yet he had foure brethren more, and fiue ſiſters, & therefore his liuing could not be but ſmall, conſidering his charge. The names of his brethren were *Charles*, *Alexander*, *Galaſſo* and *Gabriel*: *Charles* was a Souldier, & was then in Hungary with a friend of *Arioſtos*, a Captaine called *Cleanthus*, who hauing the keeping of a Caſtle there, was driuen from it by the Turkes. *Alexander* was ſecretary to the Cardinall *Hypolyto*, & followed him into Hungary: but *Gabriel* although he were born lame, yet *Arioſto* brought him vppe ſo well, as he became a reaſonable good ſchollar, and followed his booke hard, yet much inferior to his brothers

All.

All would to wrack, I being all their ſtay.
Of fiue of vs (all which now liuing are)
Three are remoued into Regions farre:
As *Charles*, who in that kingdome meanes to ſtay,
From whence the Turkes *Cleanthus* driue away:
Gallaſſo for a Biſhopricke in Rome,
Doth daily gape and lookes when it ſhould come.
Thou *Alexander* doſt with my Lord remaine,
Making thy ſeruice purchaſe of thy gaine.
Onely poore *Gabriel*'s here, but what wouldſt thou
That he ſhould doe hereafter? or what now?
He as thou know'ſt, of hands and feete is lame,
And ſo into this wretched world firſt came.
Abroad he hath not gone, which cannot goe;
Little hath ſeene, and leſſe then that doth know:
Only at home he doth ſecurely bide.
Now he that takes vpon him for to guide
A houſe, as I haue done, muſt haue reſpect,
That they doe not the impotent neglect.
My mayden ſiſter is with me beſide,
Whoſe dowry I am bound I ſhall prouide:
Till which I haue effected honeſtly,
I cannot ſay nor thinke that I am free.
r Laſtly, th'vnwieldy age of mine old mother
Doth all my other cogitations couer:
She muſt not be forſaken of vs all,
Vnleſſe to ruine we will head-long fall.
Often I am the eldeſt, and am growne
An old man full forty foure yeares knowne:
My head is bald, and for I ſickneſſe feare,
My braines to comfort, I a night-cap weare.
The ſmall remaynder of my life behind,
To keepe it curiouſly is all my minde.
But thou whoſe iſſue from my mothers wombe,
After me fully eighteene yeares didſt come,
Goe thou and ſerue my Lord, and ſpend thy breath
In heate, in cold, in danger and to death.
Go view the world, high Dutch and Hungary,

r Hee was a moſt duetifull and charitable man to all his poore kindred, eſpecially vnto his old mother, who liued in the houſe with him many yeares, of whom hee had a moſt reuerend care and reſpect.

Attending

Attending onhim moſt obſequiouſly.
Serue for vs both, and where my zeale doth lack,
Make thou amends and bring my fauours back.
Who if he truely pleaſe of me to thinke,
The ſeruice I can doe him is with inke
To giue his fame large wings; not in the field
To prooue my force, in ſuch aſſauſts I yeeld.
Say vnto him, Great Lord at thy commaund,
My brothers ſeruices doe humbly ſtand,
Whilſt I at home with a ſhrill trumpets ſound,
Will ſpread his worthy name vpon the ground;
That it ſhall goe as farre as ſea or land,
Yea and beyond the *Gadean* pillars ſtrand.
ſTo *Ariano* and *Filo* it ſhall fly,
But not ſo farre as flowes ſwift Danuby:
For my weake Muſe can hardly iumpe ſo farre,
So wet(alaſſe)my feete and body are.
But could the glaſſe of time to me reſtore,
Thoſe fifteene yeares which I haue ſpent before,
Then would I neuer doubt but that the fire
Of my quick braine through all worlds ſhold aſpire.
But if he thinkes becauſe he giues to me,
Each foure months twenty fiue crownes for a fee:
Which penſion is not alwayes duely payd,
But many times by many humours ſtayd:
I therefore ſhall ſuch bondage to him owe,
As if I were his villaine, and not know
Ought but his will, my health and life neglect,
Enter all dangers without all reſpect:
If ſo he thinke, his greatneſſe is miſtaken,
Nor ſhall he finde my liberty forſaken.
Tell him ere ile liue in ſuch ſlauery,
Ile entertaine moſt loathſome pouerty.
tOnce there an Aſſe was, of his skinne and bone
So leane, that vnder them he fleſh had none,
Who ſtealing through a hole that broken was,
Into a barne well ſtuft with corne did paſſe,
Where he ſo cloyd his ſtomacke and his hart,

ſ Two cities ſtanding in the furthermoſt parts of the duke of *Ferraras* dominions.

t A tale,

That he grew fat and full in euery part;
His body growne to ſuch a ſhapeleſſe maſſe,
That like a tun his huge proportion was,
But in the end fearing if he ſhould ſtay,
His bones too dearely for his meat ſhould pay;
Intends to iſſue forth where he came in,
But is deceiu'd, for why his bellies ſinne,
Hath made his bulke ſo great with that he ſtole,
His head can hardly now peepe through the hole:
Nearth'leſſe he ſtriues and ſtruggles much in vaine,
Loſt is his labour and his booteleſſe paine.
A little mouſe which ſpi'd him, thus did ſay,
Aſſe if from hence thou wilt thy ſelfe conuay,
Thy body thou muſt bring to ſuch poore eaſe,
As when thou firſt didſt come into this place.
Leane and like carion muſt thy carcaſſe be:
Elſe ne're expect ſafe harmeleſſe liberty.
Hence I conclude, and boldly dare impart,
That if my Princely maſter from his hart
Thinke with his gifts that he hath purchaſt me,
It ſhall not to my ſelfe ought grieuous be,
That I reſtore them backe to him againe,
So I my former liberty may gaine.
Freedome I onely loue, ſince I did heare,
That men doe many times buy gold too deare.

The

THE SECOND SATYRE OF ARIOSTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

He sheweth in his owne person that nature is contented with little, and how much a man should esteeme of his liberty. The troublesome life of Church-men, & the great miseries wherin those of the Court of Rome liue.

To his Reuerend Brother
G. A.

SIth mine affaires, not my desires, become
The causes why I goe to visite Rome,
[a] When Card'nals change their skins like to the Snake,
And for their god do better choices make:
Now when no dangerous sicknesses abound,
To infect mens bodies that are weake or sound;
Although a greater plague afflicts their mindes,
[b] Whilst that same wheele or *Rota* turnes and winds:
O not that wheele, which doth *Ixion* scourge,
But that which doth in Rome so shrewdly purge
Mens purses; whil'st through long and vile delaies,
Lawyers on them (As fowle on carion) praies:
[c] *Gallasso* pray thee take for me (not far
From that same place where thy cõmercements are,
I meane neare to that sumptuous Temple braue,
Which ancient Fathers that stout Priests name gaue,

[a] At the election of new Cardinals, and at the death of the old, the other Cardinals (vse throgh friendship) to exchange their first liuings for others that are better.

[b] This is one of the greatest offices belonging to the Apostolicall sea, it is not much different from the Rolles here with vs in England.

[c] This was his third brother of whom hee spake in his first Satyre, he was a Church-man, and lay in Rome to get some benefice or Church liuing.

Who *Malchas* eare from off his head did cleaue,
And more had done might he haue had but leaue)
A lodging for foure beaſts: by which I meane,
[d] Account me with my man (old *Iohn*) for twaine:
The other two a *Moile* and *Gelding* is,
A tyred iade, that all his teeth doth miſſe.
Let it be lightſome, but not mounting hie,
I cannot brooke this climbing to the skie.
A chimney let it haue that will not ſmoake,
For ſuch perfumes doe both me blind and choake.
Of our poore iades, thou likewiſe muſt take care,
For ſhould their prouender be ſcant or bare,
Little the ſtables warmth would them auaile,
And in my iourney I ſhould hap to faile.
My bed and bedding of the beſt I craue,
That ſo my reſt might ſweeter quiet haue.
The matter cotton of fine wooll and thinne,
By no meanes let it be within an Inne.
My wood to burne, I would haue old and dry,
That it might dreſſe my meate conueniently.
A bit of Mutton, Beefe, or Lambe, or Veale,
For me and for my man doth full auaile.
[e] No curious Kitchin cooke I doe deſire,
With ſauce to ſet mine appetite on fire:
Making me haue a ſtomacke gainſt my will,
Or being full haue ſtill deſire to fill.
Let thoſe proud curious Artiſts vſe their braine,
To keepe their pots and veſſels ſiluer cleane,
And rend on Ladies, or for recompence
[f] Striue to content *Vorranos* glutton ſenſe:
Whileſt I with a poore Scullion am content,
And being cleanly, thinke him excellent.
He that by eating, ſeekes ſtill how to eate,
And makes not hunger ſauce vnto his meate,
Let him goe caſt his vomit farre from me,
Ile neither hold his rule nor company.
Cookes new on euery vpſtart fellow waite,
Who but ere while did Cheeſe and Onions eate,

And

[d] This was his man he kept, and one that had ſerued him long, his name was *Iohn de Paſcia*, to whom when he died he left halfe of all the moueables he had, becauſe he had beene an honeſt and faithfull ſeruant vnto him.

[e] Although the Poet was very carefull of his health, and very preciſe in ſmall matters, yet in his dyet he was very plaine and groſſe, and not ouer dainty in feeding at all, as himſelfe affirmeth in the firſt Satyre.

[f] This was a noble man of Mantua, who delighted ſo much in gluttony as hee had choice & change of all ſauces for all kinds of meates; he vſed to eate the more to increaſe his appetite. He was ſurnamed by ſome *Lucullus* of Mantua.

And in a ruſſet frocke was glad to keepe,
On barren hils his maſters flocks of ſheepe;
But now (this Bore) growne rich by fortunes grace,
Shames euen to heare of his firſt fortunes place.
His Pheaſants, Larks, and Black-birds haue he muſt,
Who erſt was glad to leape euen at a cruſt:
Alwaies to feede vpon one diſh of meate,
Doth cloy his ſtomacke, and he cannot eate.
He now the wild Bores taſte doth truly know,
Which vp and downe the drier mountaines goe,
From th'other which rich *Elizean* fields,
(Fatned) vnto the Roman market yeelds.
I ſeeke no water from the fountaines cleare,
But that which comes from Tyber, and is neare,
So it be ſetled well and very pure;
For troubled waters hardly I endure:
For wine it skils not, yet good wine I loue,
And mixt with water many times doe proue.
(Though very little) and the Tauerne ſtill,
Will yeeld as much or little as I will.
The wines which grow vpon the marriſh brinke,
Vnleſſe delayed, much I neuer drinke.
The ſtronger wine my braine doth make the worſe,
Offends my ſtomacke, and my voice makes hoarſe.
What then will theſe do, which are drunke with you?
I doubt the proofe I ſhall but finde too true.
g The *Corſicke* wines, and thoſe of faithleſſe *Greece*,
Nor the *Lygurian*, though all of one peece,
Are not ſo vile as theſe: theſe are ſo ſtrong,
That to the beſt conceits they doe much wrong.
The Fryer that in his ſtudy priuate ſits,
Is with this liquor thruſt out of his wits,
The whileſt with expectation and much doubt,
The wondring people gaze and looke about,
When he the Goſpels bleſſed truth ſhould ſhow;
Who comes no ſooner forth, but vp doth goe
Into the Pulpit with a fiery grace,
A red-roſe cheeke, and a diſtemper'd face:

g The wines of the Iland of Corſica, are ſo excellent good and ſtrong, as there is a prouerbe in Italy of them, which is, *Vn Corſo, vn Greco, vn Romaneſco.*

Making a noiſe with violence of paſſion,
And ſwearing out the ſcriptures in ſtrange faſhion,
Threatning with iudgments and ſuch damned Fate,
That all his audience he makes deſperate.
h This alſo troubleth *Meſſier Moskins head*,
Whileſt he is caried drunke vnto his bed,
And Frier *Gnaling* with his company,
Faining to hate *Vernachia* mightily:
Who once but got out of their cloyſter doore,
i To th' *Gorgon* or the *Aethiopian* More
They go, and there Pidgeons and Capons fat,
They eate vntill they breathe and ſweat thereat:
So likewiſe vſe they, when as all alone,
They forth from their Refectory are gone.
Prouide mee bookes to paſſe thoſe houres away,
In which Romes Prelates onely feed and play.
Who once at board, they giue a ſtrait command,
None enter at their gates in any hand:
As Friers doe vſe, who bout the mid of day,
k (Although your ring the bell, cry loud, or pray)
Yet once ſet at the table, they'le not moue,
Were it to gaine more then a Princes loue.
My Lord Ile ſay (for brother is to baſe,
Since Spaniſh complement troke plainneſſe place,
And Sr. is ſent to euery bawdy houſe,
Tis now ſo common and ridiculous:
Signior Ile terme the baſeſt Raſcall now,
And making curtſie low vnto him bow)
For Gods ſake pray your reuerend Lord to daine
To lend his eare whilſt I of wrongs complaine.
l *Agora non ſe puede*, will he ſay,
Et megiore, (good ſir) to go your way.
E vos torneis a la magnana. Then
If you reply vpon him freſh agen,
And ſay; yet let me trouble you once more,
Tell him I doe attend him at the doore:
Then ſurly § *Cerberus* growes Peacocke proud,
And this rough anſwere thunders forth aloud.

I tell

h A notable drunkard, but otherwiſe a man that had good partes in him, being Steward or Bailiffe vnto the Monaſtery of Saint *Maria*, *Ara Cæli*, a houſe of *Franciſcan* Friers in Rome, of which conuent alſo Frier *Gnaling* was, a good ſcholler, but ouer much giuen to drinking.

i Two of the chiefeſt tauerns in Rome where moſt cõmonly the beſt wine & beſt victuals were, & where moſt Dutchmen reſort, when they come to the Citty.

k It is a faſhion in religious houſes, when they are once ſet at dinner or ſupper, neuer to open their doore vnto any man, knocke they neuer ſo much, vntill they are riſen frõ the table; which order the Ieſuites obſerue more ſtrictly then any other.

l He ſetteth down the proud humor of the Spaniard when he is at his table, in his owne language.

§ *Cerberus* was a dog or mõſter with three heads, & fained to be the porter of hell, to wch our Poet doth compare the porters of the Italian monaſteries and the chamberlaines of the Cardinals.

I tell thee friend, my Lord is at repoſe,
And will not troubled be with ſuters woes:
He will not ſpeake with *Peter*, *Paul*, nor *Iohn*,
Nor heare the embaſſie of any one:
m No though his maſter *Nazareth* were here,
He would not daine to moue out of his chaire.
And therefore thou nor manners haſt nor ſhame,
Thy ſuites at ſuch vnfitting times to frame.
But had I *Linx* his eyes on them to pry,
As with my mindes eyes I them full eſpy,
Or were they but tranſparent like to glaſſe, (paſſe:
That through their inmoſt thoughts my ſight might
Such deedes I then (perhaps) ſhould ſee them act
Within their priuy chambers: that the fact
Would giue them iuſter cauſe themſelues to hide
From heauens Sun, then any man beſide.
But they in time I hope will quite forſake
This loathed life, and better vertues take.
This as an Item is to their transgreſſion,
To ſhew I wiſh and pray for their conuerſion.
But ſure I am, thou longſt to know why I
Deſire to viſite Rome thus ſpeedily.
n Well I will tell thee: Tis becauſe I ſeeke
A liuing ſmall by patent ſafe to keepe:

m This ſpeech is reported to come from Cardinall Saint *George* who being high Chamberleine vnto the Apoſtolicke ſea, & a man of mighty wealth and authority, it hapned that the Pope (that then was) ſent one of his chiefe officers to ſpeake with him about ſome matter of importance: he being then ſet at dinner, whereupon one of the Cardinals Gentlemen tolde his Lord in his eare, that there was one very deſirous to ſpeake with him from his Holineſſe: but he not noting any thing, made ſhew as if he did not heare his man; whereupon the partie returned backe vnto him that was at the doore, certifying him that he had deliuered his meſſage, but his Lord ſeemed to giue no eare vnto him. Notwithſtãding this the meſſenger tolde him, hee muſt needes ſpeake with him, and withall vſed ſuch perſwaſions vnto him, that the young Gentleman (although very loth) knowing his Lords cholericke nature, returned backe to the Cardinall, certifying him once more that the aforeſaid partie deſired very earneſtly to ſpeake with him but one word from the Pope, and that it was Mr. *Paul* Archdeacon of Saint *Anaſtalens*, one of the maſters of the Chancery; to whom S^t. *George* (raiſing himſelfe vp a little in his chaire, and looking very angerly vpon his man) burſt out into theſe blaſphemous ſpeeches: Tell him I will not ſpeake with *Paul* nor *Peter*, no nor with their Maſter the Nazareth himſelfe now I am ſet at dinner. The Gentleman hearing ſuch a terrible ſhot diſcharged at his eare, made haſt to report the ſame to the Atchdeacon, who was walking vp and downe before the doore to coole himſelfe; who hearing the Cardinals anſwer, made the ſigne of the croſſe & bleſſed himſelfe ſaying, It may be well that S^t. *George* who is a Soldiers rough companion, & on that wanteth good manners might ſend ſuch an anſwer; But I am ſure, Chriſt himſelfe would neuer haue ſent ſo plaine a meſſage vnto his Holineſſe; and thereupon he departed. § *Linx* was a Monſter with many eyes and was ſuppoſed to ſee all things. n This office I ſpake of before, was giuen him by the Cardinall, which he ſought to get during his owne life by patent from the Pope, the ſame being one of the chiefe occaſions why he would lie a while in Rome.

During

An office tis, which I in *Millan* hold,
(Although but ſmall) yet more then loſe I would:
o • And to prouide Saint *Agaps* parſonage
I might poſſeſſe, if th'old Prieſt worne with age,
And much expence of time, ſhould hap to die,
During the time, my fortunes there ſhould lie.
Thou wilt ſuppoſe I run into the net,
Which I was wont to ſay, the diuell did ſet
To catch thoſe fooles, whoſe ouer burning hearts
Swallowes their makers bloud without deſerts:
But tis not ſo, my thoughts did ne're agree,
To loue this cure or callings ſoueraginty:
My meaning is, the liuing to beſtow
On ſuch a one as mine owne thoughts do know
Fit for the ſame, for his liues grauity,
His learning, manners, vertue, honeſty.
p To be a ſacred Prieſt I will not proue,
Cope, Rochet, Surplice, nor a Stole I loue:
Nor will I haue a ſhau'd annointed crowne,
Or weare the ring which biſhops do renowne.
In vaine I goe about to take a wife,
If I ſhould aime at a religious life:
Or hauing taken one but to ſuppoſe,
That for the Church t'were fit my wife to loſe:
But both theſe callings are of ſuch deſart,
That all be I adore them in my heart:
Yet when I thinke how full they are of care,
Of neither (with reſolue) I venture dare.
Prieſthood and mariage, who ſo doth obtaine,
Saue but by death, no freedome can attaine.
But here (perhaps) thou maieſt demaund of me,
My reaſons fault and inſufficiency:
Wherefore ſo great a burthen I do take,
And inſtantly the ſame away do ſhake,
Seeking to giue mine honours to another.
Well; though thy ſelfe, my friends and euery other,
Shall blame, nay hate me, ſith I doe let goe,
And will not take my fortunes when they floe;

Yea

o Saint *Agaps* is a Church in Rome, not far from the Piſcaria or Fiſhmarket, the reuerſion of which benefice *Arioſto* was offred, although he would not accept thereof, as you may reade a little after.

p Two things our Poet reuerenced, and would often commend them, the one was Prieſt-hood, and the other Mariage; and yet he liked neither of them both.

Yea ſince at bounties hands Ile not accept
The gifts of greatneſſe, but doe all neglect;
To ſhriue my ſoule to thee, and ſhew the cauſe,
Which me ro ſuch a courſe of folly drawes:
q Tis thus. The old Prieſt hauing vnderſtood,
By the beſt friends both to his age and bloud;
That vnder hand his death was cloſely wrought,
By one that for his holy liuing ſought;
Fearing by poyſon to be made away,
He ſends for me, and humbly doth me pray:
That I into the open Court would come,
And there take reſignation of his roome:
Thinking this meanes to be the onely beſt,
By which his life might in moſt ſafety reſt.
I thankt him for it, yet did all I could,
That he to thee or *Alexander* would,
(Whoſe nature in no oppoſition ſtands,
With holy Orders or with holy hands)
His right and intereſt paſſe; but't would not be,
Nor to my mo tions would hiſſenſe agree.
Nor you, nor his owne kindred would he truſt,
But(like himſelfe)thought all men were vniuſt:
Onely my ſelfe aboue a world he choſe,
And on my faith did all his truſt repoſe:
But when I ſaw from him I could not haue it
To doe you good; vnto a third I gaue it.
Many, I know, will me condemne therein,
Sith (careleſſe) I refuſe ſuch good to winne.
The rather, ſith preferment in it is,
Whoſe pathes who treads can neuer honour miſſe.
r Thoſe poore religious wormes, ſcarce profitable,
Simple, vnlearned, weake, vnfit, vnable,
Baſe and deſpiſ'd, contemd of greateſt part,
Haue got on beſt deſerts ſo much the ſtart,
As greateſt kings are glad they may adore them,
And bleſt is he that moſt may fall before them.
But who ſo holy or ſo wiſe hath beene,
As in his life no fortune hath o'reſeene?

q *Arioſto* was a man of ſo good a conſcience, that a certaine old Prieſt hauing a fat benefice, called Saint *Angello*, in the Piſcaria in Rome, of which we but now ſpake, and being in doubt to be poyſoned, for greedineſſe of the ſame, by ſome of his neereſt kindred, who thought to haue had the next Aduowſon hereof; had ſo good an opinion of the honeſty of *Arioſto*, as he offred to reſigne the ſame vnto him during his life, and to ſoiourne with him rather then with any of his owne friends. *Arioſto* in ſome ſort accepted of his kind proffer, perſwading him to reſigne it vnto one of his brethren, becauſe he liked not (as I told you before) to be a Churchman: which when he could not by any meanes bring the old Prieſt vnto, he then got him to beſtow it vpõ another honeſt man fit for the place.

r He taxeth religious men, who vnder the colour of humility are grown ſo proud, as the greateſt Monarchs are glad to humble themſelues vnto them.

Either in little or in much I know,
There's none that can himselfe so perfit show,
Each man his humor hath; and this is mine,
[s] Before I will my liberty resigne,
The richest hat in Rome I would refuse,
Though King or Cardinall they should me chuse.
What good to me is got by highest place,
Or at the Table to receiue most grace?
If thence I rise no better satisfi'd,
Then he which in the meanest roome doth bide:
So though my head with waight downe burdned be,
Of Miters stor'd with pretious Iewelrie,
What doth it me auaile, if for all this
True ioy and quietnesse of minde I misse?
Let others thinke it a beatitude,
That they are sought vnto, obseru'd and su'd,
That armies of attendants doe them grace,
Treading their steps through euery publike place,
Whilst all the people with astonisht eyes,
Stare to behold their flattred Maiesties:
Yet I suppose them idle vanities,
Yea worse, euen worst of earthly miseries.
I am so foolish mad, that oft I say,
In brothell Rome the Lord is euery way
More slaue then is his slaue, man to his man;
And tis most true, deny it who so can.
The bondage wherein Seruing-men doe stand,
Is bare-head to obey each slight command,
To runne or ride with him; which once expir'd,
There nothing else is at his hands required.
This being done, he may goe where he please,
Frolicke or game, reuell, or rest at ease.
[t] Only his care is, that at euery leasure,
He cannot see his wench, or haue that pleasure.
Else as he list, he may goe sport about,
Either with company, or else wit hout,
On foote or horse-backe (if he money haue)
Be ciuill, or else swagger like a knaue.

[s] He priseth his liberty at a higher rate then to be the wealthiest Cardinall in all Rome.

[t] In Rome euery base fellow hath his Mistris, which he keepeth *A la posta*, as they terme it.

In

In Market, in the Taueme, in Th'exchange,
Or in the brothell if he liſt to range.
Clothes he may weare of colours light or darke,
Goe as he pleaſe; he is not enuies marke,
None take exception gainſt him, he may goe
Naked, if naked he himſelfe will ſhow;
Whereas his Lord (becauſe he will haue place,
To ſuite his ranke, and giue his glories grace)
Doth leaue the ſafer ſeate, and though he gaine
More honor, yet doth leſſer wealth retaine.
With profit leſſe, and yet with greater charge,
He ſteares the helme in vaine expences barge.
Many he feedes, ſith many on him tend,
Though his reuenues are but ſmall to ſpend:
For count his firſt fruits with his bribes and all,
Many yeares profits doe to ruine fall.
Adde vnto this, how he in debt doth ſtand,
For furniſhing his houſe at ſecond hand:
His gifts to Courtiers (but in courteſie),
Chiefly to that great Patron *Simonie*,
Who is his chiefeſt Saint and Aduocate,
Becauſe he beſt doth know his purſes ſtate.
But all the ſport is, when his Holyneſſe
Sends to imploy him in ſome ſeriouſneſſe:
O then, if any of his followers miſſe,
He cannot goe, the way forbidden is.
If that his Coach be not in ſight at hand,
Or if his Moiles doe not moſt ready ſtand,
If any thing be orderleſſe diſplac't,
He rages ſtraight, his honor is diſgrac't:
If one rude wrinckle in his gowne be found,
Tis to his place more then a deadly wound:
§ His ſeruants muſt in comly equipage,
March two and two according to their age:
When if the baſeſt groome in all his traine,
His very Scullion but behinde remaine,
He ſweares as though he gaue the world this touch,
That hee's diuine, he nameth God ſo much.

§ It is the manner of the Cardinals and Princes of Italie when they goe in pompe through the ſtreets, to haue their followers and Lackeys to goe two and two before them, the worſt firſt, and the better ſort after.

Out doth he cry, he is diſcredited,
If by ſuch ſlaues he be not followed.
On no Euangeliſt he now doth looke,
(Good man) his age cannot endure his booke.
Onely he doth deuiſe how he may ſpend
Little; and how his liuing he may mend:
To drawe the bowe too far breakes it in twaine,
And thrifty ſparing is the Lord of gaine.
I will not ſay but diuers there may be,
That haue both offices and lands in fee.
Who liue at hearts eaſe far beyond the beſt,
Free from diſturbance, tumult or vnreſt:
Nor horſe, nor beaſt, nor man he ſcarcely keepes,
Whilſt with a full purſe he ſecurely ſleepes:
But there are few of thoſe; for in theſe dayes,
He's bleſt that liues content with his owne eaſe.
Now he that's plum'd with ſterne ambitions wings,
And vp to heauen his cogitations flings,
He neuer with his owne eſtate is pleaſed,
But ſhapes new ſcales by which hee will bee raiſed;
From Biſhop ſtraight he hath a wiſhfull hope
To climbe to be the ſecond next the Pope:
When he hath that got, will he then be quiet?
No, for his ſtomacke muſt haue choicer diet.
He now aimes at the ſeate Pontificall,
To tread on Kings, on Emperours and all;
But when he hath obtain'd this bleſſed chaire,
Will he be pleaſed then and free from care?
Neither: for now his children and his friends
To places of great honour he commends;
When he was poore he ſcarce was knowne to any,
Now being Pope he is a kinne to many:
Yet from the Epirots nor from the Greeke,
To giue them kingomes doth he euer ſeeke,
Neither of Affricke nor of Barbary
Plotteth to giue them any ſoueraignty;
Nor will he ſtriue to pull the Pagans downe,
And to impale his kunſmen with their crowne;

To

To purchaſe which all *Europe* is at hand,
Furniſht with men and money at command,
Whilſt he but acts what doth to him belong,
Weakning the Turkes, making the Chriſtians ſtrong,
He rather ſeekes by treachery and by art,
The Noble *Colonesſi* to ſubuert,
Or to extirpe *Vrſinos* princely name,
x To gaine all *Talliacorzos* worthy fame;
As from the other he got Paleſtine,
By royall policy ſurnam'd diuine:
Whilſt in the meane time drunk with Chriſtiã bloud,
He ſits and triumphs in his ample good;
Some he ſees ſtrangled, ſome their heads doe loſe,
And euery thing quite topſie turuy goes.
Nor will he ſticke to giue all Italy,
A prey to France, to Spaine or Germany;
And making a confuſion of each thing,
y It ſhall goe hard but one halfe he will wring
Vnto his baſtard bloud; nor doth hee care
Tho th'other part fall to the Diuels ſhare.
Then flies abroad excommunications,
Like vollies of great ſhot, in ſtrangeſt faſhions:
Then roares the bulles worſe then the Baſan hoſt,
Whilſt Belles and bookes and candles curſes boaſt.
Hence indulgence and pardons haue beene found,
To be of warres the inſtruments and ground.
z From hence with gold the bearded Muſſe is preſt,
Of all his valours power to ſhow the beſt,
And hence the drunken Dutchman who for pay,
Is hir'd in right or wrong, or any way:
Theſe muſt haue gold (without which thei'le not fight,
And all this charge doth on the ſubiect light.
Oft haue I heard (and doe beleeue the ſame)
By thoſe which know the truth of euery fame:
That neither Biſhop, no nor Cardinall,
Nor yet the Pope, who is the head of all,
Had euer money to ſupply their want,
But that the end grew niggardly and ſcant.

x The names of the two chief and moſt ancient houſes of the Colonesſi and the Vrſini.

y Here *Arioſto* is very plaine with the *Popes* & their kindred.

z The gentlemen of Italie for the moſt part keepe no table for their followers as they doe here in England, but hire them by the moneths, giuing them ſo many crownes euery foure weekes as they agree vpon; and euery morning they come into their maſters hall, where they haue certaine allowance of bread and wine, which (God knowes) is but courſe and ſmall, euery one ſeuerally to himſelfe; and that is al he ſhall haue for that day.

But let this goe; times now are at ſuch paſſe,
That though one be a foole, a dolt, an Aſſe,
Baſe of conditions, and (if't may be) worſe,
Yet if he haue a well fild heauy purſe
He may doe what he liſt, nor neede he care
What others of his actions ſhall declare:
Yet thoſe which hoard moſt, and haue moſt to giue,
Moſt commonly moſt wretchedly doe liue.
Witneſſe the ſtarued houſhold, who with griefe
Complaine their ruines, yet find no reliefe.
The more the wealthy witty courtier holds,
The leſſe vnto the worlds eye he vnfolds.
Of foure parts of his liuing, three he will
Be ſure (all charges borne) to coffer ſtill.
a A mans allowance or of bread or biefe,
Is halfe a pound of either for reliefe:
And that (Gods knowes) is either tough or cruſty,
Or hardly mans meate, being old and muſty.
Now as his bread and fleſh is of worſt ſort,
So thinke his drinke deſerues as vile report;
Either it is like vinegar moſt tarte,
Or Raſor-like it makes the pallat ſmart;
Either in taſt or reliſh tis ſo ſmall,
That it hath loſt both colour, ſtrength and all:
Or to be briefe in ilnes tis beyond
The pudle water or the ſtinking pond.
b Yet had a man ſufficiency of foode,
And at his pleaſure drinke to doe him good:
Though they were homely and indifferent,
His griefe were leſſe, and time much better ſpent:
But both being bad, and of that bad no ſtore,
Needes muſt the heart breake, or elſe couet more.
But thou wilt ſay, a ſeruant that is wiſe,
Will beare with this and ſmoothly temporiſe,
Becauſe that ſcale which raiſeth vp his Lord,
Doth ſome aduancement to himſelfe afforde;
And as the maſter mounts the man ſhall riſe,
If with diſcretion he his wrongs diſguiſe.

But

a Some great eſtates there are in Italie, as Barons and Biſhops, that keepe a table for their followers, but their cheare with their bread and wine, is ſo bad, as it doth them little good, and the rather becauſe they can neuer eat their bellies full; for the ſteward ſitting at the table, aſſoone as euer hee holdeth vp his white ſtaffe, (which is the ſigne of his office) ſtraight the cloath is taken vp, and they are forſt to riſe from the board, when oftentimes they haue not half eaten what would ſatisfie nature: and this is the cauſe inſtead of ſaying grace that they fall a curſing when they leaue the table.

b The Swizzers or Muſſes are thoſe people which the ancient Hiſtoriographers (as *Ceſar* and others) call Heluetians; they haue their habitations in the moſt high hill of Iura, named Saint Claude: they are a race of men naturally warlike and rude, & for the ſterility of their country more giuen to graſing then to tillage. They are free of themſelues, ſometimes they were vnder the Duke of Auſtria, & nowe are ſubiect vnto noe Prince, but liue of themſelues. They are diuided into thirteene comminalties, called Cantons, and will be hired of any Prince, for money to fight in their warres, be it right or wrong, they neuer reſpect the fame, ſo they be well paid, and haue their pay truely.

But ſuch like fortunes are not generall,
For they like blazing comets ſeldome fall.
Honors change maners, new Lords makes new laws
And all their ſeruants to their purpoſe drawes.
Old ſeruants like old garments are caſt by,
When new adorne them with more maieſty.
Seruice is no inheritance we know,
For he and beggery in one baſe rancke doe goe.
§ A chamberlaine, a ſteward, and a cater,
A ſecretary, a caruer, and a waiter,
Thy Lord muſt haue to beautifie his dayes,
When thine age can ſupply not one of theſe.
Then maieſt thou thinke that thou art highly loued,
If from his ſeruice thou art not remoued:
Tis well for thee if thou canſt find that grace,
To liue as thou hath done ſtill in one place.
A liuery once a yeare, and nobles foure,
Is a braue price for ſeruing till foure ſcore:
And then tis ten to one that beg thou muſt;
Therefore vnto thy ſelfe, not others truſt.
How rightly ſpake that honeſt Mulitar,
When comming into Rome from regions far,
He in the euening heard as he did paſſe,
That his owne Lord for Pope elected was,
Ah (quoth the ſlaue) to ſpeake vnpartiall,
Twas beſt with me when he was Cardinall:
My labour then was little or elſe none,
Hauing but to poore moiles to looke vpon.
Now ſhall my toyle be double or elſe more,
And yet my wages paid worſe then before.
If any thinke becauſe my Lord is Pope,
That I on great aduancements ground my hope,
Let him but giue me one chicken or leſſe,
And all my reaſures he ſhall full poſſeſſe.
No no, the wealthier that the maiſter proues,
So much the leſſe his oldeſt ſlaues he loues.
In Naples where Nobility doth flowe,
(Though little wealth doth with their greatnes goe)

§ Vnder theſe ordinary houſhold offices he taxeth the curioſity of the Italians, who wil inuent ſtrange and new found offices, that the beſt experienced are new to ſeeke how to diſcharge them.

The tale

There

There was of good deſcent a pretty Lad,
That from his tender yeares ſtill followed had
A Lordly caualier, who promiſ'd him
(As courtiers breathes can ſmoothly ſpeake & trim)
That he no ſooner ſhould aduanced be,
To any place of worth or dignitie,
But that his page ſhould riſe as he did mount;
And for the youth had ſpent the firſt account
Of his liues glories, ſith ſince he preſumed
Vpon this hope, full thirtie yeares conſumed;
His Lord now bids him be of merry cheare,
For nothing that he held ſhould be too deare.
The honeſt ſeruant thinking all was gold
Shin'd in ſuch words, himſelfe content doth hold.
Now whilſt the hungry maſter and the man,
Gaze to behold which way preferments ranne;
It hapt the Naples King (through ſome requeſt)
Him of his priuy chamber did inueſt.
No ſooner was he in his wiſht for roome,
But he forgot his ancient truſty groome;
And prided with his fate, now entertaines
New gallants with braue cloathes & better meanes:
His old true page was in obliuion throwne,
And nought ſaue nouelty was to him knowne.
Which he perceiuing, taking time and place,
Vnto his Lord he breakes his heauy caſe,
Humbly intreates him that he would remember
His honeſt ſeruice, and ſome merit render
To his expence of time, and waſted ſtore,
As he with earneſtneſſe had vow'd before.
To whom the ſurly *Neapolitan*,
Taking him ſharply vp, thus briefe began:
Fellow, the world is chang'd from that it was,
When I was ſcarce my ſelfe, then thou mights paſſe
And ranke with my dependants: bnt as now
Thou canſt not doe it, nor may I allow
Thy baſeneſſe ſo high place; ſith it is fit,
My men be of more meanes, more doome, and wit.

Yea

Yet ne'retheleſſe ſince thou haſt ſeru'd me long,
And that I will not doe thy labours wrong,
Countnance, but no reward thou ſhalt poſſeſſe,
Sith thou art old, and euen ſeruiceleſſe.
The honeſt man being gald thus impiouſly,
Returnes his Lord (with griefe) this ſhort reply:
Could I your beſt imploiments ſerue before,
When (ſaue my ſelfe) you kept no creature more?
And now that you haue many, may not I
My place with as great diligence ſupply?
Hath all my practiſe and experience
Brought me no wit, but tane away my ſenſe?
Now when my paines expected their aduance,
Muſt my reward be nought but countenance?
Haue I conſum'd my liues beſt floures with you,
My youth and man-hood, to reape this poore due?
But youle abandon me I doe perceiue:
Well, me you ſhall not, for tis you ile leaue.
Nor you, nor others, nor no time ſhall ſay,
You me diſchargd. Loe I put you away.
"No greater plague can hang on ſeruitude,
"Then to be chaind to baſe ingratitude.
And here withall away poore ſoule he went,
Mourning his ſeruice, and his time miſ-ſpent.
By this true ſtorie wit may plainly ſee,
What ſeruants are, and what theſe Courtiers be.
"Youth ſpent in Court, oft brings age to poore ſtate
"Paſt ſeruice, paſt reward; that's ſeruants fate.
I rather would be King of mine owne graue,
Then vnto greateſt greatneſſe be a ſlaue.
"To liue of others lendings is moſt baſe,
"In Court to dance attendance is diſgrace.
I like not priſon muſicke, nor ſuch mirth;
Free was I borne, free will I liue on earth.
"He is truly rich that hath ſufficient,
"And hating enuy liueth with content.
Yet liberty exceedes the gaine of wealth,
And therefore I will only ſerue my ſelfe.

THE THIRD SATYRE OF ARIOSTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

In this Satyre (as in the other before) he condemneth the ſeruice of the Popes Court, grieueth that the promiſes, made vnto him by Leo *(the tenth of that name) were not performed: ſheweth the diſcontentments that ariſe by gathering together of riches. And laſtly enueigheth againſt the couetouſneſſe and wicked liues of the Roman Courtiers.*

Written to the Lord *Hanibal* M.

SInce (a noble *Hanibal*) thou will'ſt me (write,
How I of Duke *Alphonſos* ſeruice like:
Or whether hauing laid old burthens by,
New weights preſſe on my back as heuily:
Or if they lighter be. For I doe know,
If you ſhall heare creations of new woe
Proceed from my complaints, you will conceiue,
That I am barbarous, and to me eleaue
Vlcers which will not heale; or like a iade,
That I am dull, (though n'ere ſo much of made.)
Then to ſpeake freely with infranchiſ'd mind,

a This *Hanibal Mallaguzo* was a noble man of Regio, a City in Lombardy, belonging vnto the Dukedome of Ferrara, & kinſman vnto *Arioſto*, whoſe mother was of that houſe.

b After the death of Cardinall *Hypolito*, *Alphonzo* Duke of Ferrara, allured *Arioſto* by all the meanes he could, vnto his court, vſing him more like a companion then a ſeruant, offering him diuers offices of preferments to allure him to ſerue in ordinary; which with much ado he was content to do, and which he did rather for his countries ſake, and by reaſon of the loue he bare vnto the place where he was borne, then for any great gaine he got by following of him, as he himſelfe ſetteth downe in his Satyre.

c Both

c Both of my burthens I like heauy ſind,
And thinke I had bin bleſt, if vnto neither
I had beene ſubiect, ſith I loſe by either.
Say then (ſince I haue broke my backe withall,
Like a good Aſſe, that's laden till he fall)
Say that my ſpirit's heauy, dull, and ill,
Say both in ieſt and earneſt what you will:
Yet when you haue ſaid what you liſt or can,
I will ſpeake truth, and be an honeſt man.
But had I playd the parricide or ſlaue,
And brought my father to an early graue,
d In wealthy *Regio*; or but that haue thought,
Which *Iupiter* againſt great *Saturne* wrought;
Onely that I alone within my hand,
Might hold his wealth, his liuing, and his land:
Which now 'mongſt brothers and 'mongſt ſiſters be
Diuided into ten parts equally:
I ne're had plaid the foole as did the frog,
That for the Storke did change his kingly clog;
Nor had I wandred to ſeeke forth my fate,
Or crept for fauour to each great eſtate;
§ I had not learnt the Apes duck with my head,
Nor crooked cringing curtſie ſhould me ſtead.
But ſince I was not borne heire to my ſire,
Nor that his lands fell vnto me entire:
e Since I perceiue that ſubtill *Mercury*,
Was ne're my friend, but rather enimy:
And that (againſt my will) I am ne'reth'leſſe
Compeld to liue on others bounteouſneſſe:
I thinke it better, that I doe retaine
Vnto the Duke, and be of his great traine:
Then to a lower fortune make my moane:
Although my meanes and riſing are all one,
Hardly ſo much, as his who is moſt poore,
And askes the miſers almes from dore to dore.
Few I doe know are of my thoughts or mind;
And fewer of mine humours I doe find.
Moſt thinke, to be a Courtier is moſt braue:

c Meaning that he is diſcontented as much with following the Duke, as he was with belonging vnto the Cardinall his firſt Lord and maſter.

d Regio is a Citty (as I ſaid before) ſubiect vnto Ferrara, it was built by *Marcus Lepidus* one of the Triumuirates of Rome.

§ It is the cuſtome of the Italians when they ſalute any great Perſonage to ducke downe their heads or crompe them into their ſhoulders after ſuch a ſuperſtitious manner of adoratiõ, that the Poet taxeth them of infinite hypocriſie.

e Meaning he was but poore conſidering the great charge he had; for the Aſtronomers hold opinion, that he which is borne vnder that planet ſhall be very rich and wealthy.

I say a Courtier is a glorious slaue.
Let such be Courtiers, as by Courts can rise,
To me they are bright suns, and blind mine eyes.
Farre will I liue aloofe from these great fires,
If strength of fortune strenghten my desires:
" Neuer one saddle on each horse we place,
" Nor doth one garment euery body grace.
" Beasts are not for on vse in generall,
" For some we see beare much, some nought at all.
The cage is to the Nightingale a hell,
The Thrush and Black-bird both doe loue it well:
The Robin red-breast rob'd of liberty,
Growes sad, and dies with inward melancholy.
Who seekes to be a Cardinall or Knight,
And that great honours on his house may light,
Let him go serue the Pope or some great King,
Whil'st I liue safe, and hunt no such vaine thing.
I am as well contented with the meate,
Which (though but grosse) in mine own house I eat:
And thinke a carrot root doth tast as well,
Which doth of vinegar or pepper smell:
As if of fowle or fish, or other bables,
I had euen glu'd my selfe to great mens tables.
And I as well can rest my drowsie head
Vpon a quilke, as on a downy bed:
And vnder rugs, as much safe quiet hold,
As vnder Turky workes, Arras or gold.
Rather had I at home stay with my rest,
Saue my poore skin from scars, and know me blest,
§ Then vaunt that I had seene the India land,
Or frozen Scythia, or the Æthiop strand.
So many men, so many mindes we say,
Each one delighting in his seuerall way:
Some will religious be, some martiall bent;
Some trauell, some at home liue with content.
Yet he that's pleas'd to be a traueller,
Let him behold each country farre and neere:
§ Rich France, sweet England, fruitfull Germany.

§ The west Indiaes, which is that fourth part of the worlde now called *America*, being newly found out and discouered by *Cortez* a Spanyard, was so much admired by the Italians, that they almost esteemed him more thé a man that had seene those countries.

§ The Poet out of his affection to these countries, giueth them those Epithetons which he knew to be most naturall and properly belonging vnto them.

Proud

Proud Spaine, Greece ſpoild with Turkiſh tyranny:
As for my ſelfe, at home Ile liue alone;
And like no country better then mine owne.
Yet haue I ſeene how Lombardy doth ſtand,
And all Romania, and the Tuſcan land:
Beſides that mountaine mighty huge and tall,
Which locks vp Italy as in a wall:
And both thoſe Oceans beating on each ſide,
I haue beheld, and yet no danger tride.
And this contents me well; for other coaſt,
Or greater trauels whence mine eaſe is loſt,
§ I can with *Ptolomy* behold them all,
In euery ſort, vnite or ſeuerall.
All ſeas I likewiſe can behold and ſee,
(without vow making in extremity,
When heauen threats with ſpeaking thunder claps)
More ſafely in our moderne painted maps;
Then when I ſhall a rotten veſſell enter,
And my poore life to certaine danger venter.
The Dukes ſeruice I take it as it is,
Which if't be good, tis better much by this,
In that he ſeldome from his Court doth part,
And ſo is friend to ſtudy and to art.
Nor doth he ſeeke to draw me from that place,
Where my lodg'd heart doth liue in its beſt grace.
But now me thinkes I ſee you all this while,
How at my words and reaſons you doe ſmile,
Saying, that it is neither countries loue,
Nor ſtudy, which incites me not to moue:
But tis my Miſtris eye that onely blinds me,
And in theſe euerlaſting loue-knots binds me.
Well, I confeſſe the truth, tis ſo indeed,
(And then confeſſion better proofes not need)
Tis moſt true, I liſt not to contend,
Or any falſhood with my ſword defend;
What ere the reaſon be, I ſtirre not out,
Or like a pilgrime walke the world about.
It is ſufficient that it doth me pleaſe,

§ Ptolomie was a king of Ægipt, and the firſt that euer writ the moſt abſoluteſt work either in Aſtronomy or elſe in Coſmography.

Nor would I others haue themselues disease
About mine actions, since my selfe knowes best,
Why I doe heere with homely quiet rest.
Some will obiect, and in their wisedome say,
That if to Rome I had kept on my way,
And aim'd at Church promotion, Is might then
Haue farre exceeded many other men:
So much the rather, as I was approued,
f To loue the Pope, and was of him beloued,
As hauing of his first acquaintance beene,
Long ere he had his daies of glory seene;
Which came to him for vertue, not through chance;
And therefore reason he should me aduance:
Yea long before the Florentines set ope
Their gates to entertaine him, or that hope
g Moued worthy *Iulian* his ennobled brother,
In *Vrbins* Court his losses to recouer.
h Where with learn'd *Bembo* and *Castilian* sage,
Apollos haire, flowers of that formall age,
He spent the dayes of his first banishment,
In great delight of thought and hearts content.
And after when this subtill *Medicy*
Ouer their Country vs'd his tiranny;
i When the Gonfalconer forsooke the Court,
Leauing his place, his honours and his port,
Till *Leo* vnto Rome did make repaire,

f This was *Leo* the tenth a Florentine borne of the house of Medices, & was of familiar acquaintance with *Arioſto*.

g *Julian di Medices*, & *Peter* were brethren to Pope *Leo* the 10. who made the foresaid *Iulian* Duke of Nemours, and maried him to the Lady *Philibert* of Sauoy, aunt to *Francis* the French King, the first of that name. This man before his brother was Pope, being banished with the rest of their family out of Florence, were entertained with great kindnesse by *Francesco Maria*, Duke of Vrbin, who in their exile did them all the honors that might be; notwithstanding all which curtesies, *Leo* coming to bee Pope, most vnkindly draue the aforesaid duke out of his country at the perswasions of *Alphonsina*, mother to his Nephew *Laurence*, on whō he bestowed the dukedome, who did continue in the same vntill *Adrian* the sixt that succeeded *Leo*, expulsed him, and restored *Francesco Maria* the true owner to the estate againe; who enioyed it vntill he died, being the space of sixteene yeares, in so great reputation, that all the Princes of Italy both loued and honored him; to many of which he was entertained as Generall in their warres: but he was so great a builder, and so liberall to his Souldiers, that when he died he left no money behind him.

h *Bembo* was borne in a Castel in Lombardy, called *Arralano*; he was an excellent Poet and Orator, he was Secretary to Pope *Leo* the tenth, and at last was created Cardinall: he died in Padua, his monument being in Saint *Francisses* Church, in the City where hee lieth buried by *Castilian*; he meaneth Count *Balthasar Castilian* who made that excellent peece of worke called the Courtier.

i The Medicy hauing gotten the Emperours army, (who then was in Italy) to repose them in Florence, and to call them home to their City againe, diuers of the Citizens were against it, especially *Peter Sodcrine*, who was then Gonfalconer (which was the chiefe officer of that City) but in the end they were inforced to admit them, and the aforesaid *Peter* glad to leaue his authority, and hardly escaped with life frō out the Palace; at what time, (not long after) what by faire meanes of *Leo* the tenth their kinsman, & afterwards by fauor of *Charls* the fifth, they seised on the whole estate; and after got to be absolute Princes therof, as at this day they are.

And

And was inſtalled in Saint *Peters* chaire.
In all which time to none he ſhewed ſuch grace
As vnto me, whom he did euer place
Next to himſelfe, affirming I, and none
Was elſe his friend and beſt companion:
So that in ranke of fauour, I alone,
Stood ſtill vnſeconded of any one.
Beſides, when he as Legat firſt did paſſe
To Florence, this his proteſtation was:
That I as deerely in his fauour ſtood,
As did his brother, or his beſt of blood.
Theſe circumſtances well conſidered,
And euery fauour rightly ordered,
Though ſome of little value will eſteeme them;
Yet others of more better price may deeme them.
And thinke if I would daine to Rome to goe,
And to his Holineſſe my fortunes ſhow:
Doubtleſſe I might obtaine for recompence,
Any faire ſuit of worthy conſequence.
And that at my firſt motion or requeſt,
A Biſhopricke were granted at the leaſt.
But they which think, ſuch great things ſo ſoone got,
With iudgment nor with knowledge reckon not.
And therefore with a pretty hiſtory,
I will to ſuch men giue a ſhort reply:
Which hath in writing put me to more paine,
Then any man in reading ſhall attaine.

Long ſince, there was a ſcorch Sommer ſeene,
Wch burnt the parcht earth with his beames ſo keen,
That it was thought *Phœbus* once more had giuen
His Chariot to his baſtard to be driuen.
For euery plant and hearbe was dead and dri'd,
Nor any greennes on the ground was ſpi'd.
No fountaine, ſpring nor poole, or low or hie,
But had his veines ſtopt vp, and now ſtood dry:
So that through riuers, channels and great lakes,
Men their long iourneies ſafely dry-ſhod takes.
In this hot time a wealthy ſwaine did liue,

Orr

(Or rather ſtile of poore I may him giue)
Who had great ſtore of cattell and of ſheepe,
But wanted moiſture them aliue to keepe;
Who hauing long ſearcht euery hopefull ground,
(Although in vaine) where moiſture might be found,
He now inuokes that God omnipotent;
(Whoſe eares on faithfull orizons are bent)
And he by inſpiration in a dreame,
Grants eaſe vnto his griefes that were extreme:
Telling him that not farre from that dry land,
Within a certaine valley neere at hand,
He ſhould ſuch ſtore of wholeſome water find,
As ſhould giue eaſe and comfort to his minde.
The ſwaine at this, takes children and his wife,
And all his wealth (the ſecond to his life)
Leaues neither ſlaue, nor houſhold ſtuffe behind,
But haſts the bleſſed vallies helpe to find;
Where he no ſooner came, but in the ground
He cauſ'd to dig, and water did abound.
But now he wants wherewith to take it vp,
And therefore is inforc't to vſe a cup,
A little cup, whoſe little quantity,
Hardly did ſerue one draught ſufficiently.
Which as he held, he ſaid, now my hot thirſt
Ile coole, ſith it is reaſon I be firſt.
The next draught doth vnto my wife belong,
Next to my children (if I doe not wrong:)
When they haue done, my ſeruants ſhall begin,
Each as his merit and deſert doth winne.
And as they haue beſtird themſelues with paine,
To make this Wel, from whence this good we gaine.
This ſaid, he then vpon his cattell thought,
The beſt whereof, he meanes ſhall take firſt draught:
And thoſe which leaneſt were ſhould be the laſt,
(He thus his damage and his profit caſt.)
When euery thing was ordred in his faſhion,
He taſts the water firſt, and cooles his paſſion;
Next him his wife; his children followed than;

(As

(As he had made the law) man after man.
Now euery one fearing the waters loſſe,
Began to preſſe about, and to croſſe,
His fellowes merit where moſt worth was caſt;
All would be firſt, none willingly the laſt.
When this a little Parrot had ſurueid;
With whom this wealthy ſhepheard often plaid,
And had in times paſt made it all his ioy:
Taking delight onely with it to coy:
And when it well had vnderſtood their ſtriſe,
It clamord forth, Ah woe is my poore life,
Inor his ſonne, nor of his ſeruants am,
Nor for to dig this well I hither came:
Nor can I other profit to him bring,
Then fooliſh mirth, and idle wantonning.
And therefore muſt be quite forgot of all,
And made the laſt on whom laſt lot muſt falls
My thirſt is great as their, my death as nie,
Vnleſſe I can to better ſafetie flie:
Therefore I muſt elſewhere ſeeke my releeſe,
And ſo away he flies with all his griefe.

My Lord I doe beſeech you, with this ſtory,
Packe from your eares, thoſe fooles that from vaine glory,
Thinke that his holines will me raiſe before,
His baſtards, Nephewes, kinne and other ſuch,
Shall quench their thirſts ere I the water touch.
Nay there ſhall ſtep betwixt me and my hope,
All thoſe whoſe helping hands did make him Pope.
When theſe haue drunk, their ſteps forth to be ſerued,
Whole bandes of martialiſts half pinde and ſterued.
That gainſt ſtout *Soderny* did weapons beare,
Making his paſſage into Florence cleere.
l One boaſt that he in Caſſentino was
Whih *Peter*, when he ſcarce from thence could paſſe,
m With his lifes ſafetie; whil'ſt *Brandino* cries,
I lent the money which his honours buyes.
An other doth approue, t'was onely he

k The ſe are noble families in Florẽce, which were great friends to the Medices.

l The countrey of Caſſentino, amidſt which runneth the riuer Arno; it is a territorie narrow, barren, and ful of hils ſeated at the foote of the Appenine mountaines, of which Bibiena is the chiefe towne: this the Medici went about to ſurpriſe when they were Banditi and baniſhed from their Countrey, but being repulſt by the Florentines armie, which then kept them out, they eſcaped from thence not without great danger of loſing their liues. The chiefe Captain of this company was this *Peter*, brother to Pope *Leo* who afterward was moſt vnfortunately drowned, as he was going towards Caieta, not farre from Naples. Hee was elder brother to Pope *Leo* & *Iulian di Medices*, which three were ſonnes to that famous *Laurence di Medices*, of whom *Guychardine* in the beginning of his hiſtory maketh moſt honourable mention of, *Coſimo* the great being their great grandfather, who was a Citizen of ſingular wiſedome, and of infinite wealth.

m *Brandino* is the ſurname of a rich familie in Florence, whoſe chiefe wealth conſiſteth in money, and who lent great ſtore of coine vnto the Medices when they were in want.

Maintain'd his brother with a yearely fee:
And at his proper charges did prouide,
Both horse and armour, and what else beside.
Now if whilst these drinke I stand gazing by,
Either of force the well must be drawne dry:
Or else my thirst my bodies health must slay,
Sith still such violence brookes no delay.
Well, tis much better to liue as I do,
Then to approue if this be true or no.
Or whether fortunes fooles which waite vpon her,
Doe drinke of Lethe when they rise to honour.
Which though it be most true that few doo climbe,
But they forget the dates of former time,
Yet can I hardly say his Holinesse,
Hath drunke much water of forgetfulnesse.
No, I may well protest the contrary,
Since I did find that in his memory
I held my place, and when his foote I kist,
He with a smiling countnance prest my wrist,
Bow'd downe his fore-head from his holy chaire,
And gaue me wordes of grace, and speeches faire,
He gently stroake my cheekes and did me blisse,
And on them both bestow'd a sacred kisse.
n. Besides he did bestow that Bull on me,
Which *Bibiena* after seriously
Dispacht, and got, although I yet did pay
Some bribes before I was dismist away:
But being done, and I ioy'd therewithall,
(All wet through raine & stormes wch then did fall)
Vnto Montano fast I rode that night,
Where I repos'd with merry heart and light.
Thus curteous words and speeches I had many,
But other fauours I possest not any.
But say twere true the Pope should keep his word,
And to me all his promises affoord,
That I might reape the fruits which I did sow,
Both now and elsewhere many yeares agoe:
Imagine with more Miters and red hats

He

n *Arioſto* sheweth himselfe to be of a good nature, which tooke so thankfully so small a reward, considering how much he had deserued at the Medices handes.

He would adorne me, and with greater ſtates,
Then euer at the Popes great ſolemne maſſe,
Hath or beene ſeene or euer giuen was,
Nay, ſay he fild vp all my bags with gold,
And cramd my cheſts as full as they could hold:
Shall yet th' ambition of my greedy mind,
Enough contentments for her humours finde?
Or ſhall this quench my thirſts conſuming fire?
Or will my thoughts take truce with her deſire?
No; I from Barb'rie to Catay will goe,
From Dacia, where ſeuen-headed Nile doth flow:
Not Rome alone muſt hold my ſoueraignty,
So of my affections I might maſter be;
And ſo I might haue power and both be able,
To tame my thoughts, and hopes vnſatiable.
But when I ſhall a § Cardinall be inſtald,
Or what is more, ſeruant of ſeruants cald,
Nay when I ſhall aboue the Pope be ſpi'd,
And yet my minde reſt ſtill vnſat isfi'd:
To what end then ſhould I ſo much diſeaſe me,
Or toile my ſelfe for that which will not pleaſe me?
Tis better priuatly to liue, then thus
To vexe and grieue for titles friuolous.
I ſpeake not this, as though my ſelfe were he,
Whoſe nature could with no content agree:
But to this end, that ſith all greatneſſe euer,
Doth in this endleſſe Auarice perſeuer,
(Who though they all poſſeſſe, yet more doe craue,
As if they would imploy them in the graue.)
I thinke its better liue a priuate life,
Then wealth to hold with vnabated ſtrife.

§ The Cardinals in the daies of *Leo* the tenth were ſo extremely ambitious that diuers Paſquils were ſet vp againſt them, and ſome againſt the Popes themſelues, as namely that of *ſol, re, me, fa, ſolus rex me facit*, alluding that the old King of Spaine at his infinite interceſſion had onely made him Pope.

A Tale.

Then when this world in her infancy,
And men knew neither ſin nor treachery;
When cheators did not vſe to liue by wit,
Nor flattery could each great mans humour fit,
A certaine nation (which I knew not well)
Did at the foot of an high mountaine dwell)
Whoſe top the heauens counſailes ſeem'd to know,

(As it appear'd to them that liu'd below)
Theſe men obſeruing how the moone did riſe,
And keep her monthly progreſſe through the skies:
And yet how with her horned forehead ſhe
Altred her ſhape, her face and quantity,
They ſtraight imagin'd if they were ſo hie,
As the hils top, they eaſly might eſpy,
And come where ſhe did dwell to ſee moſt plaine,
How ſhe grew in the full, how in in the waine.
Reſolu'd thereon, they mount the hill right ſoone,
With baskets and with ſackes to catch the moone,
Striuing who firſt vnto the top ſhould riſe,
And make himſelfe the maſter of the prize.
But mounted vp, and ſeeing that they were
As far off as before, and nere the neare,
Weary and feeble on the ground they fall,
Wiſhing (though wiſhes are no helpe at all)
That they had in the humble valley ſtaid,
And not like fooles themſelues ſo much diſmaid.
The reſt of them which did remaine below,
Thinking the others which ſo high did ſhow,
Had touch't the Moone, came running after then
By troopes and flockes, by twenties and by ten:
But when the ſenſeleſſe miſconceit they found,
Like to the reſt they weary fell to ground.
This lofty mountaine is the Wheele of fate,
Vpon whoſe top ſits roialliz'd in ſtate,
(As ignorance and folly doth ſuppoſe)
All quietneſſe, all peace, and ſweet repoſe.
But they (alaſſe) doe all miſtake the ground,
For there nor ioy is, nor contentment found.
Now if with richs or with honours went
(Like louing twins) the minds deſir'd content:
Then had I reaſon to commend that wit,
Which were imployd and ſpent to purchaſe it.
But when I ſee both Popes and mighty Kings,
(Who for the ſoueraignes are of earthly things,
As gods within this world eſteemed are)

That

That they of griefes and troubles haue their ſhare,
I needes muſt ſay, content they doe not hold,
As long as they haue ſorrowes manifold.
Should I in wealth the mighty Turke outgoe,
Or boaſts more glories then the Pope doth know,
And yet ſtill couet higher to aſpire,
I am but poore, through that my more deſire.
Well, tis moſt reaſon and our beſt wit,
To liue of things are competent and fit,
Whereby we may not pine away with want,
Nor of our needfull'ſt needments to be ſcant.
For euery one all ſtrength of reaſons haue,
To nouriſh life, and not liue as a ſlaue:
But if a man be ſo ſufficient rich,
That he too little hath not, nor too much,
That hath enough his nature to content,
And in deſire is not o're vehement:
He that can eaſe his hunger at his pleaſure,
And giue each appetite his equall meaſure:
He that hath fire to warme him when hee's cold,
A houſe to ſheker him when he is old:
That when he ſhould ride forth is not compeld,
To lacky ſpaniel-like through euery field,
But to command a horſe is alwaies able,
And keepes a man to waite vpon his table:
Beſides a cleanely houſwife that will keepe
His houſe in comely order neate and ſweet:
If this I haue, what neede I more requeſt?
For hauing thus much I haue all the reſt.
Enough is neuer then aboundance leſſe,
He that all couets nothing doth poſſeſſe.
Beſides this duety, reaſon doth demand,
That on ſtrict termes of honor we doe ſtand,
Yet in ſuch ſort that we be neuer found,
T' exceede the golden meane in any bound;
For nothing is on earth more dangerous,
Then to be noted as ambitious.
This is true honour when the world doth cry:

Thou

Thou art an honeſt man, and ſo doſt die:
Which if thou beeſt not, it will ſoone be knowne;
And as thy faults are ſo thy fame is blowne.
Hypocriſie is wouen of fine tarid,
Yet few in theſe daies can in nets be hid.
Becauſe each one right Reuerend doth thee call,
Or Earle or Baron, Knight or Generall,
I would not haue thee thinke they honor thee,
Vnleſſe more in thy ſelfe then titles bee.
But when I ſee thy merits worth doth moue
From vertue, then thou ſhalt enioy my loue.
What glory is't to thee when I behold,
How thou apparel'd art in ſilkes and gold?
Or that the wondring people with amaze,
As vp and downe thou walk'ſt vpon thee gaze?
If afterward, aſſoone as thou art gone,
And thy backe turn'd, they ſing this hatefull ſong:
See there the man who for a bribe in gold,
The gates of Rome vnto the French-men ſold,
Which gates to keepe, he had of ſpeciall truſt,
Yet ſold the ſame, an art baſe and vniuſt.
Fie, fie, how many Knight-hoods here are bought,
How many Biſhoprickes deſertleſſe caught?
Which after being knowne abroad become,
The foule diſgrace and ſcandall vnto Rome.
To be an honeſt man in word and deed,
Though on my backe I weare a courſe plaine weed,
As much doth pleaſe me, as if I did goe,
Royally clad in roabes which kingly ſhoe.
Let him that will or gold or veluet buy,
For I will not with ſpots of infamy.
But now me thinkes baſe *Bomba* doth reply,
And vnto mine aſſertions gives the lie:
Saying, let me haue riches, I not care,
Or how they come, or how they purchas't are.
Come they by villany, or by drabs or dice,
Riches are euer of moſt worthy price.
Vertue is riches baſtard, nor doe I

Reſpect,

§ By this he taxeth thoſe reuolting Italians, who tooke part with the Duke of Burbon, when he ſackt the city of Rome.

° Vnder this name he taxeth ſome notorious & wicked man that grew rich through villanie.

Reſpect, againſt me what the vulgar cry.
" All men of no man ſpeaketh reuerently,
" And ſome haue rail'd againſt the Deity.
Huſht *Bomba*, huſht, doe not flie all ſo faſt,
But flag thy wanton Peacockes traine at laſt,
I tell thee none blaſpheme the Deity,
But ſuch as are more damn'd in villany.
Then thoſe who naild their maker to the Croſſe,
Whoſe woes eternally doe mourne their loſſe:
Meane ſpace the good and honeſt ſort one word,
Will not of goodnes to thy fame affoord.
They ſay faiſe cardes, falſe dice, and falſer queanes,
Purchaſt thy liuings and thy large demeanes.
And thou adminiſtreſt to euery tongue,
Matter to talke of, as thou walk'ſt along:
VVearing and tearing out more cloth of gold,
§ More ſilkes and *Tiſſue* from Arabia ſold,
Then all the worthy gallants Rome doth breed:
So much thy pride and ryot doth exceed.
Thoſe thefts and couſenages thou ſhouldſt conceale,
Vnto the world and me thou doſt reueale,
Making euen fooles and ſilly Infants know,
That cottages where hardly thatch did grow,
Thou in theſe few yeares Pallaces haſt made,
By thy ſmooth cheating and thy couſening trade:
The world doth ſee thy banquets and thy feaſt,
VVherein thou ſurfet'ſt like an o're-fed beaſt.
Yet thou conceiu'ſt that thou a gallant art,
And all that ſmile on thee doe take thy part.
Foole, thoſe ſame ſmiles are like the ſerpents hiſſe,
And they would kill thee faine which doe thee kiſſe.
p *Borno* (ſome man tell him to his face,
How vile he is) beleeues it no diſgrace:
Although behinde his backe he heare men cry,
He hath nor faith, nor loue, nor piety:
§ And how that worſe then bloudy-handed *Caine*,
He his brother tyrant-like hath ſlaine:
Although an exiles life he hath endured,

§ The beſt Silks and Tyſſues were in times paſt brought from Arabia, but now many other countries haue as good.

p This is alſo a ſhadowed name, whereby hee biteth at ſome others of as bad faults as may be.

§ Here he biteth bitterly his olde Lord and Maſter, the Cardinall *Hypolito*, for pulling out the eyes of his owne brother *Iulio*.

Yet

Yet all agree'd all euils now are cured:
And he the whole inheritance hath got,
Without vexation of a Partners lot.
Therefore let all men say what all men can,
Hee'l walke the streetes (sith rich) an honest man.
Another that's as vile as is the best,
Tires out his dayes with labour and vnrest:
Till he haue got a Miter in such fashion,
As shames himselfe, his kinne, and all his nation:
When he no worthier is to beare the load,
Then a base asse is of a purple roabe.
But knew the world how to this height he came,
The very stinke would poyson them with shame.
O times corrupt, O manners worse then nought,
Where nothing but whats vile is sold and bought!
Too true it is which all the world hath told,
All things at Rome, euen heauen for coine is sold.

A Tale. *William* surnamed *Rufus*, when in hand,
He swaid the English Scepter at command,
It chan't a wealthy Abby voide did fall,
Whose great demeanes being rich in generall,
Many came to the King the same to buy,
(For he did money loue exceedingly.) (him,
Now when Church-chapmen all were com'd vnto
And with their vtmost summes did amply woo him,
He spide a Monke stood halfe behinde the dore,
Whom straight he cald, and bade him come before:
Imagining he came as did the rest,
With full filde bagges, to make his offer best:
And therefore thus the King most graciously
Speakes to the Monke; Tell me man willingly,
What thou wilt giue; great the reuennues are,
And thou free leaue to offer for thy share.
My gracious Lord (the old man did reply)
I came not hither this rich place to buy:
For I am poore: or had I wealth at will,
I would not load my conscience with such ill:
As to ingrosse Church-liuings aboue other,

Making

Making me rich by robbing of my brother,
Beſides, I were an Aſſe to vndertake,
To lay too great a burthen on my backe:
Which to ſupport, I know I am vnfit,
Both for my learning, induſtry and wit.
Onely I hither came in humble wiſe,
To beg of him which to this place ſhould riſe,
That I this petty fauour might but haue,
To be his Prieſt, his Beadſe-man or his ſlaue.
The King who heard this olde man gratiouſly,
And finding in him true humility,
Whence his rare vertues ſprang ſo curiouſly,
That they exceld his ranke in dignity:
Freely and franckly without recompence,
Gaue him this Abbey and diſpatcht him thence.
Saying he it deſeru'd moſt worthily,
Sith he ſo well could brooke his pouerty.
Neither ſuch gift nor King I ere ſhall know,
Yet ſuch a minde and thoughts within me grow.
I haue a minde which harbours calme content,
Voide of all lucre, and from malice bent.
And would I fiſh for liuings, there's no doubt,
But I ſhould eaſily bring my wiſh about.
"q But home is homely, I am beſt at eaſe,
"When I haue none but mine owne ſelfe to pleaſe.
"Riches are ſtill the children of much care,
"Who couets nothing, onely rich men are.
"Great is the labour which doth purchaſe gaine,
"Greater the ſorrow which doth it maintaine.
But once to loſe it, euen death doth bring:
I'le no ſuch Bees which haue ſo ſharpe a ſting.
Sufficient for my ſelfe is my ſmall ſtore,
And greateſt Monarches doe enioy no more.

q *Arioſto* was ſomewhat variable in his deſires, and a little humorous withall; and therefore would hardly bee bound or tyed to any thing longer then himſelfe liſted.

THE FOVRTH SATYRE OF ARIOSTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

He sheweth that it is good and necessary to marry, and yet by the way glanceth merrily at that state of life, shewing how hard a matter it is for a man to keepe his wife honest and chaste.

Written to the Lord Hanibal Malaguzzo.

a *Arioste* being not giuen to marry, his kinseman the Lord *Hanibal* was loth to make him priuy to his wedding, which hee taketh very vnkindely in this Satyre.

HEar a by strangers, friends, the world & al,
(Except thy selfe, thrise noble *Hanibal*)
That thou art now about to take a wife,
Knitting these worlds cares to a better life.
I not mislike that so your fancie stands;
Onely I take vnkindely at your hands,
That vnto me you would not tell your minde,
Since in my counsailes you might comfort finde.
Perhaps thou hast conceal'd it, from this feare,
Lest I should hap t'oppose what thou hold'st deare;
Thinking becausse my selfe vnmarried am,
Therefore I marriage will in others blame.
If so thou censur'st me, thou dost me wrong:
For, though I neuer knew what did belong,
To wedlocke: yet I neuer haue withstood,
Those which chuse marriage as their chiefest good.

Oft

b Oft haue I grieu'd, and yet I ſadly mourne,
That then to marry, I haue choſe to burne.
My ſelfe excuſing that I ſtill was croſt,
By hand of Fate, and ſo my fortunes loſt:
For, though vnto it I was fully bent,
Occaſion ſtill my meaning did preuent.
But this hath euen mine opinion beene,
Nor euer ſhall there change in me be ſeene:
That man cannot in perfect goodneſſe ſtand,
Vnleſſe he liue within the marriage band:
Nor without women can liue free from ſinne.
For he which thruſts ſuch gueſts out of his Inne,
Is either forc't to borrow of another,
Or thiefe-like without conſcience robs his brother.
c Beſides, who vnto ſtranger ſheetes doth cleaue,
Turnes Cormorant, and temperance doth leaue.
For if to day he feed on Larke or Quaile,
Next morne, heele haue the Phesant or the Raile:
And which is worſe, he loſeth ſenſe of loue,
And that ſweet touch which charity ſhould moue.
d Hence comes it, Prieſts of all men are the worſt,
Biting like dogs, with madneſſe made accurſt.
The whileſt no common Palliard, Baud or Slaue,
Carries more viler ſurfets to his graue.
Borrow of all they doe, but none they pay,
Baſe are their deedes, how well ſo ere they ſay.
Againe, in publique carriage and in ſhow,
They are ſo voyde of iudgement, and doe goe
So farre from vertue, that I wonder much,
Women will daine but to be toucht by ſuch.
You know tis true, who doe in Regio dwell;
But that all truths, for feare you dare not tell:
Bug-beare confeſſion whiſpring in your eare,
It is damnation to tell all you heare.
Well, though you nothing ſay, yet from your eyes,
I reade the depth of all your myſteries,
e Of ſtubborne *Modena* I ſpeake nought at all,
Who though this great plague did vpon it fall,

b He excuſeth himſelfe in that he liued a Batchelour ſo long, which, he ſaith, was his hard fortune, & not his fault: although there is no doubt, but if he had liſted, he might haue matched very well, and euery way to his contentment.

c He could giue good counſell himſelfe, but could not follow it, as *Medea* ſaith in *Ouid.*

——*Video melior a proboque, deteriora ſequor*——

d Hee enueigheth againſt ſome Prieſts, who liued too incontinently.

e Modena is a Citie in Lumbardy, ſubiect vnto the Dukedome of Ferara (now the Popes) where the Church men bare themſelues ouer licentiouſly and more vnciuilly then becommed them. In this towne *Sadoletus* and *Molza*, two learned Italians of their time were borne.

Yet it deserueth to be punisht worse,
May on her and her Priests light heauens curse.
But now to you. Elect betimes your mate,
Better too soone to marrie then too late.
And since perforce thou needes this life wilt trie,
Aduenture on it most couragiously.
ƒ Doe not as did Doctor *Buon Leo* old,
Who tooke a wife when all his bloud was cold:
When age had made him for a graue more fit,
Then or for wife or youthfull appetit.
Deferre not thou till age come creeping on,
Lest strength consum'd, thy body suffer wrong.
"Old ages Herbingers are snow-white haires,
"Warme drinks & cloaths are good for many yeares:
A cup of wine in withred *Hermons* head,
Is better then a faire maid in his bed:
Age with such liquors often is well eas'd,
Venus with gouts and palsies is not plea'd.
§ Faire *Hymeneus* is not painted old,
But youthfull, fresh, with saffron haire like gold:
The old man feeling but some sparkes of fire,
Which with much labour doth but warme desire,
Begins to rouse his ycie spirits vp,
As if he had carousd on *Æsons* cup:
Much he imagins he can do, when loe,
Strength doth forsake him, ere his strength he know:
And he poore soule euen in his height of pride,
Is conquer'd ere th'encounter he haue tride.
Yet so he must not thinke his wife will yeeld,
Her better spirit better ioyes the field.
"Fire with water, neuer will agree,
"Nor nature will not lose her soueraignty.
But say it were not so; yet in these dayes,
The world being rather giuen to dispraysе,
Then to speake well of any, who are they,
Will marry Winter vnto youthfull May?
But they will wish Saint *Lukes* badge on his head,
And that in horne-bookes he be deeply read.

ƒ A famous Physition of Ferara, who maried not till he was all eighty yeares old, & then (doting) tooke a maruellous faire maid vnto his wife, and presently after died.

§ *Hymene* by the Poets was fained to be the God of Marriage, and therefore was painted young, to show the vigour and strength which belongeth to the acte of generation, and with yellow roabes, to shew the cares, feares and iealousies in marriage.

And

And thus although they merit not this blame,
Yet can they not eſcape all poiſoning fame,
Who for the moſt part doth of falſhoods prate,
But be it falſe or true, 'tis then too late
To call it home againe, if once the vent,
About the buſſing buſie world be ſent:
And who his honour or good name doth loue,
Muſt patient be, for he this croſſe muſt proue.
Yet this bad paſſion nothing is at all,
But that which we damn' dealouſie doe call:
Although 'tis ill enough when we behold,
An infant whom the cradle doth infold:
And two or three crope newly from the ſhell,
Who in their clamors do their grieuance tell.
Adde vnto theſe a pretty girle or twaine,
Whom thou in vertues manners ſeek'ſt to traine:
Yet haſt not any whom thy ſoule can truſt,
Will honeſt be to them, or to thee iuſt.
But rather will allure them by all meanes,
To vitious liuing, and to ſhameleſſe ſtraines.
Chuſe wiſely then, ſince thou doſt know this curſe,
And like our Gentlemen be not found worſe.
Many of which buried in cloiſters low, (grow:
Lie hid, whil'ſt graſſe doth o're their graue ſtones
On marriage their mindes did neuer ſet,
Becauſe they meant not children to beget,
And ſo be forc't that little to diſſeauer, (ther.
Which ſcarce would ſerue, when t'was vnite toge-
That which in ſtrength of youth they did refuſe,
Now growne in yeares moſt ſhamefully they chuſe,
Shewing themſelues to be ſo baſe of minde,
That euen in Boriſh villages they find,
And in the Kitchins greaſie ſculſerie,
With whom to ſport themſelues laſciuiouſly.
Boyes are begot, which as in yeares they grow,
Such abiect vile behauiours from them flow,
That they are forc't to marry them perforce,
Vnto Clownes daughters, or to creatures worſe;

g He findeth fault with diuers Gentlemen of Ferara that were yonger brethers, who becauſe their wealth was little, would not marry when they were yong, and yet comming to be olde, they made their choice worſe, when getting their owne maides and drudges with child, they were after glad to marry them, becauſe the children which they had got by them ſhould not be counted baſtards.

Euen to crack't Chambermaides broke vp of late,
Becauſe they would not haue their ſonnes in ſtate
Of baſtardy: and here hence doth proceed,
That nobleſt houſes in Ferara bleed,
With wounds of tainted honour, and with ſhame,
As all eyes do behold which view the ſame.
This is the cauſe the worthies of this towne,
Are ſeldome ſeene to flouriſh in renowne
Of vertue, or of valour, or of artes;
And hence it is their anceſtors beſt parts,
I meane thoſe of the worthy mothers ſide,
Are of their generous qualities ſo wide.
My Lord, to marry you doe paſſing well,
And yet attend theſe precepts I ſhall tell.
Firſt thinke thereof, left when you would retire,
You cannot, being ſlau'd vnto deſire:
[h] In this important matter, moſt, moſt great,
Although my counſaile you doe not intreat:
Yet I will ſhew you how a wife to chuſe,
And which mongſt women wiſe men ſhould refuſe.
But you perhaps will wondring ſmile at me,
And place it with impoſſibility,
That I this waighty charge ſhould vndertake,
Yet neuer knew what meant the married ſtate.
I pray you tell me; hath not your Lordſhip ſeene,
When as two gamſters haue at Tables beene:
The third man, which (as looker on) ſtood by,
More to haue ſeene in play then they could ſpy?
If you do finde I ſhoot neere to the white,
Follow my rules, and hold my iudgement right:
But if you ſee I roue farre off and wide,
Then both my counſailes and my ſelfe deride;
And yet before I further do proceede,
Tis meete that firſt this caution I do reed.
If you to take a wife haue ſtrong pretence,
Yet build your ground on nought but luſtfull ſenſe,
'Twere madneſſe to perſwade you from her loue,
Though reaſons gainſt her honour I could proue.

If

h This Poet giueth his friend better counſaile then he himſelfe could follow: for although hee would neuer marry, yet is he noted to haue kept at his owne proper charges one *Alexandra*, a proper woman a long time, although his friends ſay that hee was married vnto her priuily, and durſt not be knowne of it, for feare of looſing ſome ſmall ſpirituall liuing which hee had, and which were not lawfull for any married man to enioy.

If ſhe doe pleaſe you, then ſhe vertuous is,
Nor any gift of goodneſſe can ſhe miſſe:
No Rhethoricke, reaſon, nor no ſtrength of wit,
Can make thee loath when luſt rules appetit:
So much thou art beſotted on her face,
That reaſon muſt to pleaſure yeelde her place.
I for a wilfull blinde man am no guide,
But if in liſts of wiſedome thou wilt bide,
Then ſcholler-like examine what I ſay,
And I ſhall merite thankes another day.
Who ſo thou art that meaneſt a wife to take,
(If of thine honour thou account doſt make)
Learne what her mother is, that ſtep begin,
And how her ſiſters liue, how free from ſinne:
If we in horſes, kine and ſuch like creatures,
Deſire to know their lineall race and natures,
What ought we then to doe in theſe, who are
Then other cattell, more deceitfull farre?
A Hare you neuer ſaw bring forth a Hart,
Nor do from Doues neſts Eglets euer part.
Euen ſo a mother that is infamous,
Hardly can beare a daughter vertuous.
From trotting races, amblers ſeldome breed,
From ſelfe-like natures, ſelfe-like things proceede.
Beſides the branch is like vnto the tree,
And children keepe what firſt they learned be,
"Ill education ſpoileth manners good,
"Corrupts beſt natures, and infects the blood.
"Home-bred examples and domeſticke ils,
Grafts errors in cleane breſts, & good thoughts kils.
If ſhe perceiues her mother to poſſeſſe,
Many faire ſeruants, ſhe will haue no leſſe:
Nay ſhe will more haue, or her better skill
Shall leaue to be the agent of her will:
And this ſhe doth to ſhew in courtlineſſe,
That (then her mother) ſhe is nothing leſſe,
And that heauen did with equall bountie place,
Within them both one beautie and one grace.

To

To know her nurſe, and how her life ſhe leades,
What her commercements are, and how ſhe trades:
Whether her father brought her vp or no,
If ſhe can play the cooke, weaue, work or ſowe;
i Or if in idle courts ſhe haue remainde,
And there in ſong and muſique hath beene trainde.
To iudge the better of her vertues, this
And all the reſt to know, moſt needfull is.
Seeke not a wife, whoſe ſtile and nobleneſſe
Shall fill thy veines with much vainglorioufneſſe:
Such oft their husbands vnto wrath prouoke,
Whil'ſt they to him are nothing elſe but ſmoke.
'Tis good to match with one that's nobly borne,
So ſhe her husbands birth hold not in ſcorne.
Such one take thou, great Lord, as fit ſhall bee,
Both for thy liuing and thy pedigree:
For hardly thou thy better ſhalt content,
Vnleſſe on her dependance much be ſpent.
A brace of Pages, ſeruing Gentlemen,
And for her ſtate a flocke of Gentlewomen;
To keepe their Lady from all faults offence,
Without the which there is no patience.
Nor ſo content, a Dwarfe ſhe needes muſt haue,
A Foole, a Pander and a ieſting knaue,
With Dogs and Munkies, Parots and ſuch toyes,
Whoſe idle ſeruice, idle time deſtroies:
With other company for cardes and dice,
Whoſe wits can ſort with Courtiers that are nice:
Nor when ſhe takes the ayre, will ſhe forth tread,
Without her rich Caroch well furniſhed.
But this laſt charge is nothing to that coſt,
Muſt on more priuate toyes be vainly loſt:
Now if thou no ſuch prodigall fond part,
(Who for of birth and liuing chiefe thou art
Within thy natiue home) ſhalt proue, then know,
The poorer ſort ſuch glories dare not ſhow.
If hackneymen do round about the towne,
Run for to let their Coach-horſe vp and downe,

What

i Here *Arioſto* is a little malitious againſt the Court, for many Gentlewomen, yea and thoſe ſort are as well brought vp, and as vertuouſly giuen, liuing in the Court as if they had all the daies of their youth beene trained and mewed vp in their fathers owne houſes, muſique and a ſweete voyce, being two as commendable qualities as can adorne any Lady, onely the liberty of Courts to diſeaſed mindes, is the ground to theſe inuentions.

What then will he do? who at his command
Hath of his owne, which euer ready ſtand?
If others two horſe keepe, the rich will ſtill
Haue foure at leaſt, yet thinke the draught but ill.
With ſuch an one thou ſhalt poſſeſſe more care,
k Then mine *Orlando* in his madneſſe bare.
l If ſhe ſhould braule with thee maliciouſly,
Gouerne with patience her extremity.
§ And as *Vlyſſes* 'gainſt the Syrens ſong,
Made himſelfe deafe to ſhelter him from wrong;
So her expoſtulatings do not beare,
But 'gainſt ſuch clamorous noyſe glew vp thine eare.
" When ſhe ſpeaks moſt, do thou leaſt ſpeech afford;
" For ſilence cuts a ſhrow worſe then a ſword.
" A froward wife for very ſpite will crie,
" When thy neglect doth ſcorne her tyrannie.
Haue ſpeciall care that with no foule-mouth'd (ſpeach,
Thou mak'ſt into her fury any breach;
For then thou all confound'ſt, and one ſmall ſhowre
Will on thy head a world of new ſtormes powre;
Which with ſuch bitterneſſe ſhe will declare,
That ſtings of waſps not halfe ſo noiſome are.
Let her as neare as arte or wit can finde,
Agree with euery humour in thy minde,
That ancient cuſtomes in thy houſe remaine:
And that no danger lurke within her traine,
In being greater then thou can'ſt ſupport,
For things do fall to ruine in that ſort.
I doe not like that beauty whoſe rare merit
Will praiſe beyond all excellence inherit;
Nor ſuch a one whoſe Court audacitie,
Beares her beyond all comely modeſty.
T'wixt faire and foule there is a golden meane,
Vnto which path I faine would haue you leane.
A louing maide, not louely ſtriue to chuſe;
The faces beauty for the mindes refuſe.
Pleaſe thy beſt iudgement; 'tis no matter then,
Though ſhe ſeeme foule or blacke to other men.

k Meaning, that an ill wife will make a man mad, as *Orlando* became through the vnkindnes of *Angelica*.

l Here the Poet ſetteth down many excellent rules how a man ſhould chuſe a wife, and hauing choſen one, how he ſhould behaue himſelfe towards her.

§ It is reported by *Homer* that *Vlyſſes* returning from the deſtruction of Troy, being at the Sea, inuironed with many Syrens or Mermaides, cauſed himſelfe and all his ſouldiers to be bound to the maſts of the ſhips, and to ſtoppe their eares, leaſt the inchantment of their muſicke ſhould draw them to deſtruction.

The Italian hath a praire of such a wife. (*moglie,*

m *Chi ha bianco,cauello,et bella*
Non viue mai senza doglie.
(faire,

Whose horse is white,&wife is
His head is neuer void of.
(care.

He alludeth to the common saying in Italy.

n *Fa peccata nisieme colpēitenza*
Chi piglia bruta moglie a credēza.
(his wife,

Who takes a womā foule vnto
Doth penance euer, yet sins
(all his life.

o Theres no ill quality so vile in a woman, as to be a foole; for I haue oft heard a wise man say, hee had rather haue a wily wanton, a witty shrow, or a foule slut to his wife, then one that was sottish or foolish; affirming that the first if she did a fault, wold with discretion hide it. The second with her wit would now and then delight him. The third because of her deformity, studie and endeuour alwaies to please him; but the last, which was the fool, would shame both her selfe, her husband and her friends.

m Her to possesse whose beauty doth exceede,
Doth to all curious eies much sorrow breede:
For she euen frozen hearts doth set on fire,
Making men languish in vnchaste desire.
A world will venture her faire fort to spoile,
Wherein albe she giue some few the foile:
Yet at the last comes one with bribes and praies,
Who so in peeces all her forces teares,
That at the last hauing no more delay,
She yeeldes, and he her honour beares away.
A wife that's more then faire is like a tale,
Or chanting whistle which brings birds to thrall.
n Yet on no sluttish foulenes fixe thy minde,
For so perpetuall penance thou shalt finde.
Beauties which are indifferent most me moue,
Faire which is still most faire I doe not loue.
Pure of complexion let her be and good,
And in her cheekes faire circled crimson blood.
Hie colours argue choler and distaste,
And such hote bloods are seldome made to waste.
Let her be milde and witty, but not curst,
Nor foolish, for of all breedes that's the worst.
None so deformed are, or vgly foule,
As fooles, which more are gaz'd at then the Owle:
For if she any fault abroad commit,
Her long-tong'd gossip straight must know of it:
Nothing so priuate, can be done or said, (vaid.
Which through the whole world shall not be con-
Thus she her husband and her selfe doth bring,
To be a scorne to euery abiect thing:
Whereas the witty wench so carefull is,
There's none shall know albe she doe amisse.
Like to the Cat who buries vnder ground
Her ordure, lest by men it should be found.
Let her be pleasing, full of curtesie,
Lowly of minde, prides deadly enemie:
Pleasant of speech, seldome sad or neuer,
And let her countenance cheerefull be for euer,

A

A viniger tart looke or clowdy brow,
Furrow'd with wrinckles I doe not allow,
And ſo to pout or lowre through ſullenneſſe,
Is a ſtrong ſigne of dogged peeuiſhneſſe.
Let her be baſhfull and of modeſt grace,
Heare, but not anſwere for thee when in place
Thou art; for 'tis extreameſt obloquie,
When ſhe doth prate and thou muſt ſilent be.
No idle houſ-wife let her euer be,
But alwaies doing ſomething ſeriouſly.
p Let her well loued ſelfe, her ſelfe preſerue,
And from all goatiſh ſents her skinne conſerue.
Women do oft like golden tombes appeare,
Worthy without when nought within is faire.
Some ten or twelue yeares yonger then thou art,
Elect thy wife, for that's a wiſe mans part:
Becauſe a womans glories euer faile,
Long ere the mans ſtrength doe begin to quaile,
And ſo within thine eye will breede diſlike,
Ere mutuall yeares thee in like weakenes ſtrike:
Therefore I wiſh the husbands age ſhould be
Thirty at leaſt, for then th'impatiency
Of youthfull hate beginneth to aſſwage,
And with more moderation rules his rage.
Let her be ſuch a one as feareth God,
Leſt ſhe approue the ſting of heauens rod.
Religious, not ſcrupulous, and boue all,
§ Let her know none whom Puritans we call:
To run frō Church to Church through al the towne,
To weare a thin ſmall ruffe, a bare blacke gowne,
To faine to ſpeake like chickins when they peepe,
Or leare like cats, when they doe ſeeme to ſleepe.
To make long praiers, and goggle vp their eyes,
As if their zeales would teare God from the skies.
To chide if any thing we ſay is good,
(Excepting God) as Prince, or almes, or food;
Chriſtmas to name but Chriſt-tide, as it were
Damnation but the bare word maſſe to heare.

p Sluttiſhneſſe in women was ſo much deteſted with the ancient Romanes, that one of the chiefe noblemen of the Citie put his wife from him by diuorce, as if ſhe had been incontinent and vnchaſte of her bodie, yea onely for that fault.

§ In the daies of *Arioſto* there were many preciſe and verie hypocriticall Friers, who ſowed ſuch ſedition amongſt the Church men, vnder the cloak of zeale, that to this day it cannot be rooted out.

To ſpeake to none that walketh in the ſtreete,
Or with theſe words, God ſaue you, any greete:
Not to looke vp, but fixe on earth the eye,
Apparant ſignes are of hypocriſie.
God pleaſed is with plaineneſſe of the hart,
And not with dumbe ſhowes of the outward part:
Such as her life, ſuch her religion is,
Where arts and words agree not, al's amiſſe.
q I would not that acquaintance ſhe ſhould haue,
With a preciſion Frire, for hee's a knaue,
They vnder colour of confeſſion frame
Miſchiefe, and many Matrons doe defame,
Nor ſhall ſhe feaſt them with delicious fare,
For they but counterfeits and cheaters are:
To widdowes, wiues and maides they do remaine,
Vild, as in harueſt are great ſhowers of raine.
r Let her owne beauty be her owne delight,
Without adulterate painting, red or white;
Nature hath fixt beſt colours to the face,
No art hath power to giue ſo ſweet a grace.
Great paines to little purpoſe, and much ſhame,
They ſpend, who to adorne their bodies frame,
Do profitleſſe conſume whole daies away,
Let ſuch a one not in thy fauour ſtay.
A golden time, a glorious world it was,
When women had no other looking-glaſſe
Then the cleare fountaine, and no painting knew,
But what they from the ſimple ſlicke-ſtone drew.
Complexion now in euery place is ſold,
And plaiſter-wiſe daub'd vpon yong and old.
Olde jades muſt haue red bridles, and the hag
Will not in toyes behind the yongeſt lag.
ſ Knew *Herculan* but where thoſe lips of his,
He layeth when his *Lidia* he doth kiſſe,
He would diſdaine and loth himſelfe as much,
As if the loath ſom'ſt ordure he did touch.
t He knowes not, did he know it he would ſpew,
That paintings made with ſpettle of a Iew:

(For

q Many good Gentlewomen, eſpecially old widowes are abuſed by counterfeite Friers in Italy, they making a ſhew of more holineſſe then the reſt of their coate, when it is nothing els but meere knauerie and diſſimulation.

r Theſe be ſuch women as the Poet ſpeaketh of, *Meruit formoſa videri*, That is, ſhe deſerued with the paines ſhee tooke to ſeeme handſome, though indeed ſhe was not.

ſ An Italian Gentleman, whoſe miſtris face was like a Painters table.

t It is moſt true that the Iewes make the beſt colours, eyther *Roſa* or *Bianca*, as may be ſeene in *Famagoſta* in Cyprus: and it is alſo credibly reported, that they make it after this filthy manner as the Poet here ſetteth downe.

(For they the beſt ſell) nor that loathſome ſmell,
Though mixt with muske and amber ner'e ſo well,
Can they with all their cunning take away,
The fleame and ſnot ſo ranke in it doth ſtay.
Little thinkes he that with the filthy dung,
Of their ſmall circumciſed infants young,
The fat of hideous ſerpents, ſpaune of ſnakes,
Which ſlaues from out their poiſonous bodies takes:
All which they doe preſerue moſt curiouſly,
And mixe them in one body cunningly,
Making that vnguent, which who buyes to vſe,
Buyes hell withall, and heauen doth refuſe.
Fie how my queaſie ſtomacke vp doth riſe,
To thinke with what groſſe ſtuffe, in beaſtly wiſe,
They make this hatefull vomite of the face,
With which fond women ſeeke themſelues to grace,
Daubing their cheekes in darke holes with the ſame,
Leſt the daies eye ſhould tell the world their ſhame:
But knew men which do kiſſe them, what I know,
They would ſo farre in deteſtation grow,
That ere they would touch maskes ſo foule as this,
Menſis profluuium they would gladly kiſſe.
Nay knew but women how they are abus'd,
By theſe plague-ſalues (ſo generally vs'd
Of them) and by thoſe drugs wherewith they fill
Their cloſets, cabinets and cofers ſtill:
They ſoone would finde their errours, and confeſſe,
'Tis they alone which makes them beautileſſe.
This curious painting when they vndertake,
True natures beauty doth the cheeke forſake:
All that is excellent away is fled,
Hating to liue with hell, being heauen-bred.
Likewiſe thoſe waters which they vſe with care,
To make the pearle-teeth orient and more faire,
Turnes them to rottenneſſe, or blacke like hell,
Whil'ſt from their breaths doth iſſue forth a ſmell,
More noyſome then the vileſt iakes can yeeld,
Or carrion that corrupts within the field.

u Although this doctrine be as true as true may be yet will not many Gentlewomen beleeue it, but hold it to be meere hereſie, and no truth.

Well, let thy wife to none of theſe ſins cleaue,
But to the Court theſe rarer cunnings leaue.
Let her apparell be in comly faſhion,
And not ſtraguized after euery nation.
Head-tires in ſhape like to a Corronet,
With pearle, with ſtone, and iewels richly ſet,
Befits a Princeſſe right; a veluet hood,
With golden border, for thy wife's as good.
The Loome, the Needle and fine Cookery,
Doth not diſparage true gentility.
Nor ſhall it be amiſſe, if when thou art,
Within thy Country home, thy wife impart,
Her houſe-wifely condition, and ſuruay
Her Dayrie and her milke-pans once a day.
The greateſt ſtates in theſe daies will reſpect
Their profits, when their honours they neglect.
x But her cheefe care ſhall on thy children be,
To bring them vp in each good quality.
And thus, if ſuch a wife thou can'ſt attaine,
I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhould'ſt refraine.
For ſay that afterward her minde ſhould change,
And from corrupter thoughts deſire to range:
Or that ſhe ſeekes to ſcandalize her houſe
With blacke diſdaine, or ſhame moſt impious,
If in her harueſt yeares thou com'ſt to mow, (grow:
And find'ſt where corne was, nought but weedes do
Yet thou thy ſelfe as faulty, can'ſt not blame,
But ſpitefull Fate, the Author of defame:
And that her infancy was miſgouerned,
And not in vertue truely nurtered.
Thou can'ſt but ſory be for her offence,
When want of grace doth draw on impudence.
But he that like a blinde man doth run on,
And takes the firſt his fortunes fall vpon,
Or he that worſe doth (as doth baſeſt he)
Who though he know her moſt vnchaſte to be:
Yet he will haue her in diſpite of all,
Euen though the world him hatefull wittall call:

If

x The bringing vp of children in good ſort, is one of the chiefeſt partes which belongs to an honeſt woman, as the Poet ſaith in his *Orlando Furioſo*.

The vertues that in women praiſe do win,
Are ſober ſhews without, chaſt thoughts within;
True faith & due obedience to their make,
And of their children honeſt care to take.

If after ſad repentance him importune,
Let him accuſe himſelfe for his misfortune:
Nor let him thinke any will moane his caſe,
Since his owne folly bred his owne diſgrace.
But now ſince I haue taught thee how to get,
Thy beſt of choyce, and thee on horſebacke ſet,
Ile learne thee how to ride her: wild or tame,
To curbe her when, and when to raine the ſame:
No ſooner thou ſhalt take to thee a wife,
But thou ſhalt leaue the old haunts of thy life,
Keepe thine owne neſt, leſt ſome ſtrange Bird lie hid,
And doe by thee as thou by others did.
ɣ Like a true Turtle with thine owne Doue ſtay,
Elſe others 'twixt thy ſheetes may falſly play.
Eſteeme her deare, and loue her as thy life,
No matchleſſe treaſure like a loyall wife.
If thou wilt haue her like and honour thee,
Firſt let her thine affections amply ſee:
What ſhee doth for thee, kindly that reſpect,
And ſhew how thy loue doth her loue affect.
If by omiſſion ſhee doe ought amiſſe,
In any thing that gainſt thy nature is:
§ With loue and not with furie let her know,
Her errors ground, for thence amendments grow.
A gentle hand, A Colt doth ſooner tame,
Then chaines or fetters which doe make him lame:
Spaniels with ſtroking we doe gentle find,
Sooner then when they coopled are or pinde.
Theſe kind of Cattell gentler then the reſt,
Without the vſe of rigor doe the beſt.
Good natures by good vſage beſt doe proue,
Diſdaine breedes hate, tis loue ingenders loue.
But that like Aſſes they ſhould beaten be,
Neither with ſenſe nor reaſon doth agree:
For where loues art auailes not, there I feare,
Stroakes will more bootleſſe and more vile appeare.
Many will boaſt what wonders they haue wrought
By blowes, and how their wiſhes they haue caught.

ɣ Good counſell to all ſuch young men, who haue long warmed themſelues by other mens fire.

§ *Arioſto* hauing ſeene the crueltie of the Italians, who keepe their miſtreſſes like Birds in Cages, and knowing that ſuch tyranny made them more apt to prooue falſe and vnkind, perſwadeth his kinſman to the contrarie, approuing the prouerbe, that a woman deſireth nothing more then that of which ſhee is reſtrained.

How

How they haue tam'd their ſhrewes and puld them
Making thē vaile euen to the ſmalleſt frown. (down,
But let thoſe giants which ſuch boaſtings loue,
Tell me what they haue got, and it will proue,
Their wiues their blowes on hands & face do beare,
And they their wiues markes on their foreheads
z Beſides who leaſt a wicked wife can tame, (weare.
Doth oftеſt brag that he can do the ſame.
Remember ſhe is neighbour to thy heart,
And not thy ſlaue; ſhe is thy better part.
Thinke 'tis enough that her thou maiſt command,
And that ſhe doth in loue-knots loyall ſtand;
Although thy power thou neuer doe approue,
For that's the way to make her leaue to loue.
Giue her all wiſhes whileſt ſhe doth deſire,
Nothing but that which reaſon doth acquire.
And when thou haſt confirm'd thee in her loue,
Preſerue it ſafe, let nothing it remoue.
And yet to ſuffer her do all ſhe will,
Without thy knowledge, may much vertue kill.
So likewiſe to miſtruſt without all reaſon,
To perfit loue is more then open treaſon.
To go to feaſts and weddings 'mongſt the beſt,
Is not amiſſe: for there ſuſpect is leaſt.
Nor is it meete, that ſhe the Church refraine,
Sith there is vertue, and her noble traine.
In publique markets and in company,
Is neuer found adulterous villany.
But in thy goſſips or thy neighbours houſe,
And therefore hold ſuch places dangerous.
a Yet as deuotion to the Church her leades,
Thou ſhalt do wel to marke which way ſhe treades:
For oftentimes the goodly prey is ſtill
The cauſe why men do ſteale againſt their will.
Chiefly take heed, what conſort ſhe liues in,
Beware of Wolues that weare the Weathers skin.
Marke what reſort within thy houſe doth moue,
Many kiſſe children for the nurſes loue.

z These braggants are like that honeſt man, whoſe wife hauing broke his pate, and he wearing a night-cap, being asked why he ware it, anſwered, that his wife falling on the ſudden ſick, he tooke ſuch thought for the ſame, that he became himſelfe ill alſo, and ſo was glad to excuſe the matter.

a By this tricke *Arioſto* ſheweth himſelfe to be a right Italian: for ſo do many Italians vſe to dogge their wiues when they goe abroad, the poore women not thinking that their husbands do watch them as they doe.

Some

b Some for thy wiues ſake much will honour thee,
Do not with ſuch men hold ſociety.
When ſhee's abroad, thy feare is of ſmall worth,
The danger's in the houſe when thou art forth.
Yet wiſely watch her, leſt ſhe do eſpie
Thy politicke and waking ielouſy.
Which if ſhe do, then is her reaſon ſtrong,
Thee to accuſe, that doſt her cauſeleſſe wrong.
Remoue all cauſes what ſo ere they be,
Which to her name may couple infamy.
And if ſhee needes will caſt away all ſhame,
Yet let the world know thou art not to blame.
I know no other rules to ſet thee downe,
How thou maiſt keepe vnſtaind thy wiues renowne.
Nor how thou maiſt keepe men from hauing power,
Thy wiues chaſte honours baſely to deuoure.
c And yet I'le tell thee this, if ſhe haue will
To tread awry, thou muſt not thinke through skill
To mend her, for ſhe is paſt all recure,

b There was in a certaine Vniuerſity either heere or elſewhere a certaine Malt-man, who hauing a very ſweet and louely browne woman to his wife, many Gentlemen, Students, and others would be his kinſemen; inſomuch that a familiar of his demaunded one day of him merrily, Which way it came that ſo many gallants were allied vnto him; who replied laughing (like a good companion) by my truth Sir I know not, except this kindred come by my wiues ſide; for before I was married vnto her, there was not one ſcholer in this Vniuerſity that was acquainted with me. This fellow though he was plaine, yet had hee a ſhrewd pate, and although he ſaid little, yet did hee thinke more, and many drie blows he would giue theſe luſty youths which reſorted vnto his houſe; wherof I wil giue you a taſt & ſo away. One day a Gentleman of a good houſe came to viſite him (or rather if I ſhould ſay truly his wife) who meeting him at his doore, ſaluted him, calling him kinſman, & withal asked how his couſen his wife did, ſaying, he would be ſo bold as to go in & ſee her; I pray you do, ſaid the goodman, and yet before you go a word with you. With al my heart replied the ſcholer; then ſaid the Malt-man, ſince I came acquainted with you and other kinde Gentlemen my kindred, I haue learned two latine verſes, and I would know the meaning of them: Let me heare them, ſaid the yong Student; that you ſhall, ſaid the townſeman, and theſe be they.

Tuta frequenſq; via eſt, per amici fallere nomen:
Tuta frequenſq; licet ſit via, crimen habet.

Now, ſaid he, I pray you tell me them in Engliſh, I am not ſo good a ſcholer at the firſt ſight to explane them, replied the Student. Then I am ſaid the married man, and this it is:

Friendſhip with greateſt ſafety doth deceaue,
And yet though ſafe, 'tis knauiſh by your leaue.

Hereupon he fell a laughing, ſaying, I thinke I haue now paid yon home; and ſo away hee went, leauing the Student to goe viſite his wife. c Many hold of opinion, that to be a Cuckold is deſtiny, and not their wiues diſhoneſties, as a good fellow in the world ſaid to a friend of his, who telling him he was ſory that ſo honeſt a man as he ſhould be abuſed as hee was, ſeeing the fault was his wiues and not his, I thanke you neighbour, replied he, for your good conceit of me; but I aſſure you, I thinke it was not her fault, but rather mine owne fortune that made me a cuckold; for I verily beleeue whoſoere I had married would haue bin naught aſwel as ſhe. Nay then (quoth his neighbour) if you thinke ſo God forbid I ſhould diſſwade you from an opinion you hold ſo confidently, and ſo left him.

And what ſhe will do thou muſt needes indure.
Do what thou can'ſt by art or obſeruation,
She will create thee of a forked faſhion.
Al's one if thou doe vſe her ill or well,
When women are reſolu'd, ſpite heauen or hell
They will ſtrike ſaile, and with laſciuious breath,
Bid all men welcome, though it be their death.
And for you ſhall not iuſtly thinke I lie,
Lend but your eare to this true hiſtorie.

A Tale.

THere was a Painter whom I cannot name,
That vſed much to picture out the Diuell,
With face and eyes fit for a louely dame:
No clouen feet, nor hornes, nor any euill.
So faire he made him, and ſo formally,
As whiteſt ſnow, or pureſt Iuory.
The diuell who thought it very great diſgrace,
The Painter ſhould ore'come in curteſie,
Appear'd to him in ſleepe face to face,
Declared what he was in breuity:
And that he came but onely to requite,
His paines in painting him ſo faire and white.
And therefore wil'd him aske what ſo he would,
Aſſuring him to haue his whole requeſt.
The wretch who had a wife of heauenly mould,
Whoſe beauty brought his iealous braines vnreſt,
Intreated for the ending of that ſtrife,
Some meanes to be aſſured of his wife.
Then ſeem'd the diuell to take a goodly ring,
And put it on his finger, ſaying this;
So long as thou ſhalt weare this pretty thing,
Thou maiſt be ſure ſhe cannot do amiſſe.
But if thou vſe to leaue this ring vnworn, (horne.
Nor man nor diuell can keepe thee from the
Glad was this man, and with his gladneſſe waked,
But ſcarcely had he opened both his eyes,
Before he felt his wife ſtarke belly naked
And found his finger hid betweene her thighes.
Remembring then his dreame how it concluded,
He thought the diuell had him in ſleepe deluded.

And yet not ſo; (quoth he) for it is true
If ſo we meane our wiues ſhall be no ſlingers,
There is no ſuch deuice, nor old nor new,
As ſtill to weare ſuch rings vpon our fingers.
For elſe though all our haires were watchful eies,
We ſhould not ſee their ſubtill treacheries.
Nor can this policy ſcarce vs auaile,
For if ſhe meaneth *Chaucers* ieaſt to try,
She to another will her loue entaile,
Although ſhe knew ſhe for the ſame ſhould die.
d The ſlie Venetian lockt his Ladies ware,
Yet through her wit *Acteons* badge he bare.
My Lord, few married men do liue content,
Their wiues as croſſes vnto them are ſent:
So muſt I ſay the ſingle life is ill,
Sith in the ſame dwels many troubles ſtill.
e Yet better tis in Purgatory dwell
A little ſpace, then alwayes liue in hell.
What my beſt ſtrength of reaſons are you ſee,
And therefore your owne caruer you may be.
f T'is all but one reſolue, who e're is borne
To marry, likewiſe muſt poſſeſſe the horne.
Yet I but merrily do write and ieſt;
The married mans eſtate of all is beſt:
And they who ca[illegible]chaſtly leade their liues,
May in the worſe ſort finde many worthy wiues.
One of the beſt of which I wiſh to you,
One that is louing, loyall, wiſe and true.

d *Antonio Siluio* a nobleman of Venice, hauing a maruellous faire woman to his wife, & being ſent embaſſador into *Germany* vnto the Emperour then liuing, the *Signori* of Venice was ſo iealous ouer her, as he deuiſed a moſt wonder-full, ſtrange & artificiall locke and key *per la Fica ſua*, which the good Lady tooke ſo vnkindly (being miſtruſted without cauſe) that he no ſooner was gone onward on his iourney, but that ſhe by the counſell & perſwaſion of her amorous ſeruant aſſiſted by the cunning deuice of a moſt ingenious and excellent workman, a Dutchman) got a falſe key for the locke, & ſo enioyed her louing friend all the abſence of her husband, who returning home againe neuer perceiued the fraud: But after the death of this Lady, the knowledge thereof coming to the *Signori* of Venice, they for the ſtrangenes of the matter cauſed the locke and chaine to be amongſt their other chiefe monuments in *Gratd Sala* in *S. Marks* pallace, it is made of ſiluer plate, very thin, and in proportion not much vnlike a horſe-ſhoe, with ſmal little holes in the midſt, & is as ſmooth at the one end as at the other, hauing two little ſmall chaines which came round about her middle, and were ſhut cloſe on each ſide with a lock. It is at this day with other antiquities to be ſeen there.

e The Poet compareth marriage to Purgatory, where, as they ſay, they continue in paine but for a certaine time. But the Batchellors life he termeth hell, becauſe in reſpect of the comforts in marriage, it may be termed a helliſh life, or elſe he termeth the Batchellors life hell, becauſe he thinks that none perhaps liue honeſt vntill they be maried, & therefore in the greater danger if they die not maides.

f Our Poet here is very merry with his kinſman, eſpecially being an Italian, who of all ſports cannot abide any ieſt that ſauoreth of the horne, for if he ſly, No doubt, *loco di mano, loco di villano Pigliara nell gran ſcorno il loco dello cornio.* But in the end he maketh him amends, wiſhing him as good a wife as good may be, euē the beſt amongſt women.

THE FIFTH SATYRE OF ARIOSTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

He sheweth by occasion of a certaine kinde of gouernment or Lieutenancy ouer a country which the Duke of Ferrara bestowed vpon him, how vnfit he was for any thing but onely for the Muses. And that to be a louer is the greatest fault and greatest absurdity that any man can commit.

To Master *Sigismond Malaguzzo.*

THis day hath fully sum'd an euen yeare,
Since hither first I made my sad repaire:
(Leauing *Ferrara*, wher I first drew breath,
By endlesse toile to hasten speedy death)
a Hither where swift *Tarrita*, *Serchio* meetes,
Betwixt two bridges whence their billowes fleetes,
Making continuall noise through diuers springs:
Which their owne flowing waters to them brings.
To gouerne as the Duke did me assigne,
b His poore distressed flocke of *Graffagnine*,
c Which crau'd his aid assoone as *Leo* died,
Because the Romish yoke they would not bide,
Euen *Leo* who with much sterne cruelty,

a Two riuers so called, not far from the Apenine mountaine.

b A little Towne vpon the borders of the Dukedome of Ferrara, and in these dayes somewhat dangerous by reason of the Woods and Mountaines there abouts, where a number of Banditie kept.

c *Leo* the 10. was no sooner dead, but *Alphonso* Duke of Ferrara, entred into the field with an hundred men at armes, two thousand foote, and three hundred of light Horsemen, and so went to incampe before Centro, after he had recouered by the will of the Italians Bondena, Finale, the mountaine of Modena, and Graffagnana, and other Townes about Romagnia, which *Leo* had taken from him, although he challenged them to be his.

Had

Had brought them to the gate of miſery,
And worſe had done, but that the mighty hand
Of heauen, did all his tyranny withſtand.
And this the firſt time is in all this while,
That euer I did write or ought compile:
Or to the learned Muſes haue made ſute,
But dumbly liued, tong-ti'd and ſadly mute:
The ſtrangeneſſe of this place hath ſo diſmaide me,
That like a fearefull bird I durſt not play me,
Who hauing chang'd her cage, flutters her wings,
And through amazement fear'd, doth feare to ſing.
(Kinde kinſeman) that my caſe is in this ſort,
And that from me thou haſt not heard report,
Wonder thou not, but rather doe admire,
That in this ſpace my breath did not expire,
Seeing I am an exil'd man, at leaſt
An hundred miles from that I fancie beſt;
Since riuers, rockes, and mountaines 'boue the skies,
[d] Keepes me from her is dearer then mine eyes.
All other buſineſſes which me concerne,
I can excuſe, and from mine eaſe do learne,
To make my friends conceiue in generall,
That all my greateſt faults are veniall.
But to thy ſelfe I will in plaine phraſe ſpeake,
And all mine inward cogitations breake.
To thee I'le ſhriue my ſelfe, for thou ſhalt know,
Both how my wiſedome and my follies grow;
Where as to others ſhould I ſo much tell,
My folly would be made my paſſing-bell,
To ring my death of wit, whilſt with ſterne looke,
The world would hardly my confeſſion brooke:
Saying no queſtion he is mighty wiſe,
Which can ſee nothing, yet hath both his eyes:
And is moſt fit to be a foole to other,
When his affects he cannot rule nor ſmother.
Fie, to be fifty yeares, and yet to glow,
As if I did but fully fifteene know.
And then he tels the Scriptures ſtricteſt lawes,

[d] *Arioſto* had no fauk, but onely that he loued Venerie; which was a veniall ſinne amongſt the Italians.

Both Scriu'ners Adages, and olde mens sawes.
Well, though I erre, I am not fully blinde,
But can my blouds fault in large measure finde:
And which is more, I do condemne the same,
And not as others do, defend my shame.
e But what auailes my penance, when neareleſſe
I know my faults, yet make my faults no leſſe,
Or since no precious Antidote I finde,
To heale the rankling vlcer of my minde?
But thou art wiſer, since when thou doſt pleaſe,
Thou can'ſt affections ſickeneſſes appeaſe,
Which being hid in man, Nature doth mixe,
And to mans inward ſoule the ſame doth fixe.
This is the worſt the world of me can ſay,
Whoſe ill perhaps may haue a worſe diſplay
Then it deſerues, although ſome verball care
They haue of me, when great their ſorrowes are,
(And would haue more) if I could this redreſſe,
And theſe my fleſhly motions quite ſuppreſſe.
§ Thoſe which in this world ſpeake moſt curiouſly,
Cloſe in their hearts the deepeſt iniury.
Thou know'ſt I know the world hath many a ſlaue
That will blaſpheme, ſweare, curſe, be mad and raue,
Accuſing others that they Cuckolds be,
When his weake iudgement hath no power to ſee,
How goodly, large and ſpreading is that horne,
Which his owne forehead many yeares hath borne.
Others diſeaſes euery one can ſpie,
But none will mend his owne deformity.
We can reproue in ſtrangers what's amiſſe,
And ſee not in our ſelues what vilder is,
We take delight that we can reprehend,
When t'were more generous our ſelues to mend.
The wallet which behind hangs with ſins ſtore,
We neuer ſee, our eies are both before.
I neither kill, nor ſtrike, nor do contend,
Nor am I hurtfull, but the whole worlds friend;
The worſt I doe, is that I onely grieue,

Be-

e He is the rather to be pitied, in that he confeſſeth his fault, being ſorry for it, and willingly would hee haue amended it, but that he could

§ Here the Poet taxeth the inſatiate luxury of Friers and Church-men, which was in thoſe daies ſo great, that very few ſeuerall Monaſteries were without many cradles and many ſepulchers of young infants.

Becauſe I cannot with my miſtris liue,
And thinke it torment more then torments be,
To liue from her which onely liues in me,
And yet I not forget t'acknowledge this,
That herein onely I do ſtill amiſſe:
Yet not ſo ill but that by interceſſion,
I may be pardon'd through mine owne confeſſion.
The vulgar ſort with water oftentimes,
(Not onely greater faults then my ſmall crimes)
Waſh cleane away, but (which breeds greater ſhame)
Baptizeth vice with noble vertues name.
[f] *Hermilan* that is growne ſo couetous,
(As to behold the ſame, 'tis monſtrous)
Nor reſts by day, nor ſlumbers in the night,
But makes his gold his God, and his delight:
No loue of friend or brother will he hold,
Hates his owne ſelfe, loues nothing but his gold,
Yet is eſteem'd a man of induſtry,
Of perfit wiſedome and great policy.
Raynard ſwels big, and doth diſdaine his ſtate,
Lookes as the world would tremble at his hate.
He thinkes himſelfe what he can neuer be,
And feedes his hope with idle imagery,
He will ſurpaſſe in ſpending ill-got wealth,
And in apparell goes beyond himſelfe.
A ſteward he will haue, a Huntſman, Faulkoner,
A Cooke, a Chamberlen, and a curious Caruer.
Lordſhips he ſels, and makes them flie away,
A mannor or a parke goes euery day.
What his old auncеſtry had many yeares
Gathred together, and left vnto their heirs,
That with immoderate lauiſhnes he ſpends,
And through the world in all diſorder ſends.
But what for this? none murmures at his will,
Nor doth demand why he conſumes thus ill:
But rather call him moſt Magnanimous,
Moſt bountifull, gallant and vertuous.
The common ſort, the Hydra multitude,

[f] By *Hermilan*, *Raynard* and others, he ſheweth how many in the world commit groſſer faultes by farre then hee did, and yet what they do paſſeth for currant, and are not condemned of the world.

Thus with their flattery do him delude.
Solonio ſo much buſineſſe takes in hand,
And meddles ſo with all things in the land,
That euen the waight is able to confound
The ſtrongeſt horſe that euer trod on ground.
Within the cuſtome-houſe he hath a charge,
And in the Chancery a Patent large:
To Ports and Keyes immediately he flies,
Where both his profite and commandment lies.
To Caſtell Angelo then will he ſcowre,
And all this done in minute of an howre,
The very quinteſſenſe of all his braines,
He doth diſtill to bring the Pope new gaines:
Nor doth his cares or painfull ſtudies end
To any thing ſaue profite onely tend,
It ioyes his heart when he heares rumor ſay,
That with his toiles he waſtes his life away.
And ſo that to his Lord he crownes may bring,
He nor reſpects acquaintance, friend nor kinne.
The people hate him, and they haue good cauſe,
Since it is true, 'tis he which onely drawes
The Pope to plague the Citie, and ſtill lades
Her with new cuſtomes, taxes, and intrudes.
Yet a Magnifico this fellow is,
High ſtated, and can nothing do amiſſe.
Whil'ſt like to Peaſants, Noble-men no dare
To come to him, and their great ſuites declare;
But they muſt cap and crouch, and bare head ſtand,
As if he were the Monarch of the land.
Laurino takes vpon him (of pure zeale)
In vpright iuſtice, chiefe affaires to deale.
His countrey hee'le defend through his deſerts,
Whil'ſt publike good to priuate he conuerts.
Three he exiles, but ſixe to death he ſends,
Begins a Foxe, but like a Lion ends.
From tyrannie his ſtrength he doth create,
Whil'ſt gifts and bribes do euen dam vp his gate:
The wicked he doth raiſe, the good keepes downe,

g One of the ſtrongeſt and ſtrongeſt places in Rome belonging to the Pope, which Pope *Clement* the eight beſtowed vpon his nephew *Don Pietro*, it being worth better than 12000. crownes by the yeare.

And

And yet this man is rich in all renowne;
He is renownd to be both iuſt and good,
When he is full of whordome, theft and blood.
Where he ſhould honour giue, he giues diſgrace,
Malice with pride, and pride with wealth doth place:
Whom he ſhould moſt releeue, he moſt offends,
His ope-eyd iuſtice, loues none but his friends,
Crowes oft for Swans, & Swans he takes for Crows,
Now knew his iuſtice but my loue-ſicke woes,
What ſowre faces from him would appeare,
Like him that on a cloſe-ſtoole ſtraining were?
Well, let him ſpeake his pleaſure with the reſt,
I care not for their ſpeeches, that's the beſt;
Onely thee which art mine onely friend,
I do confeſſe my pleaſures are at end,
Since I firſt hither ('gainſt my will) was toſt,
My ioyes are gone, and my delights are loſt.
This of my reaſons I haue chiefeſt tride,
Though others more I could alleadge beſide,
§ Why I haue left *Pernaſſus* learned mount,
Nor with the Muſes talk't as I was wont.
Then when with thee in Reggio I did ſtay,
(My natiue ſoile) and paſt the time away,
In all beſt iouiall ſolace and delight,
Priding my ſelfe in waighty verſe to write,
Thoſe glorious places did me amply good,
Reuiu'd my ſpirites and inflam'd my blood.
h Thy Mauritanian lodge for banqueting,
With all the worthieſt pictures flouriſhing,
And call my *Rodanus* not farre from thence,
Of water-nimphes the choiſeſt reſidence;
Thy cryſtall fiſhponds, and thy garden, which
A ſiluer ſpring with moiſture doth inrich,
Watring by art thoſe checker'd flowers ſtill,
And in the end fal's downe into a Mill:
O how I wiſh for that and for the reſt,
Which whil'ſt I did enioy my ſenſe was bleſt.
Nor can my memory forgoe the thought,

§ *Pernaſſus* is a mountaine in Boetia, where the Poets fained the well of learning to be; in which liued the nine Muſes or miſtreſſes of all arts

h He deſcribeth a marueilous dainty banqueting houſe in Reggio, belonging to the Mallaguzzi, and called ſo becauſe it is built after the manner of the buildings in Barbarie, ful of great and wide windowes for cooleneſſe in Sommer, and beautified with many excellent and admirable pictures, and ſtatues of great price and worth.

Of thoſe braue Vines from fertill *Lucq* brought;
Thoſe valleis, nor thoſe hils, nor that high Tower
Can I forget, where I haue many an hower
Repos'd and ſearch't out euery ſhadowie place,
The Freſco coole I loued to imbrace:
Whil'ſt I one booke or other would tranſlate,
Which forraine Authors did communicate.
O then I youthfull was and in my prime,
My yeares euen Aprill, or the ſprings beſt time,
Which now are like October, ſomewhat colde:
For I begin, and ſhall e're long be olde.
But neither can the fountaine Helicon,
Nor Aſcras valleies, no nor any one
Be of the power to make my verſes ſing,
Vnleſſe my heart be free from ſorrowing:
Which being ſo, then this place where I dwell,
Is not for ſtudy, ſith it is my hell,
When here no pleaſure is, nor any ioy,
More then diſſention, horror and annoy.
This ſoile I barren and vnwholſome finde,
Subiect to ſtormes, to tempeſts and to winde.
One part is hilly, th'other low and plaine,
Wherein there doth no pleaſantneſſe remaine.
The place wherein I liue is like a cell,
Deepe and deſcending downeward as to hell.
From thence there's none can come at any time,
Vnleſſe he paſſe the riuer Appenine.
I tell thee gentle Cur, ill is my taking,
Since thus of all my friends I am forſaken.
For ſtay I in my houſe, or to the aire
Seeke to diſburden ſome part of my care,
Nothing I heare but ſpitefull accuſations,
Brawles, brabbles, or more ſhamefull acclamations,
Murthers and theſts, and ſuch like villanie,
To which I muſt attend moſt patiently.
This is the cauſe I one while am compel'd
With mildeſt reaſons to make ſome men yeeld,
Others to threaten, and by force to draw,

Others

Others to puniſh by ſtrict penall law,
Some I abſolue, to ſome I pardon giue,
In hope hereafter they will better liue.
Then to the Duke I ſtraight doe packets write,
For counſaile or for ſouldiers which muſt fight,
i To th'end thoſe out-lawes which about me ſtay,
May or be ſlaine, or driuen quite away:
For one thing I muſt let thee vnderſtand,
That in moſt wretched ſtate abides this land.
k Since the wilde Panther firſt, the Lyon then,
Did in this wofull countrey make their den,
So many lurking theeues doe here abide,
And in ſuch number flocke on euery ſide,
As not the beſt commanders which we haue,
(Whoſe charge is to purſue them to the graue:
Dares with his enſigns ſpread, their ſtrengths inuade
Such proofes the ſlaues haue of their valors made:
So that he wiſeſt is which ſafe doth ſtand,
And ſtirs not to take danger by the hand.
Still I doe write, and write to him againe,
Whom it concernes, but all my labour's vaine:
For though he ſend (as reaſon is he ſhould)
Yet he not ſends that anſwere which I would,
l Each Caſtell armes (within it ſelfe) doth take,
And foureſcore three in number they doe make
Of periur'd rebels, who maliciouſly
Spoile their owne countrey with hoſtilitie.
Iudge then if great *Apollo* when I call,
Will come to ſhew himſelfe to me at all,
Leauing his Cynthian or his Delphian ſhore,
To heare theſe brabbles, which he doth abhorre,
Both he and all his ſacred ſiſters nine,
To looke vpon ſuch places doe repine.
But here thou maiſt demand of me the cauſe,
Which me to this vexation headlong drawes,
Leauing my ſtudie with obſcure neglect,
And my deare miſtreſſe without all reſpect.
O Cuz, thou know'ſt I ne're was couetous,

i *Leo* the Pope vſed the people of this countrey ſo hardly, that they tooke vp armes amongſt themſelues and became rebels.

k Some thinke by the Panther hee meant *Iulius* the ſecond, not long before Pope, and by the Lion *Leo* the tenth

l Foureſcore and three Caſtels or ſmall villages were there in all, which were riſen vp in armes, by reaſon they were ſo mightily oppreſſed by Pope *Leo*.

Nor from ambition haue beene enuious.
With a poore penſion I haue beene content,
Which in *Ferrara* got, I there haue ſpent:
But thou perhaps this chance didſt neuer know,
That when the warres began with vs to grow,
[m] The Duke but ſlowly did my penſion pay,
And at the laſt did take it quite away.
During the warres I grieu'd not to be barr'd,
Of my beſt due, but when as after ward,
All things was quiet and the world at peace,
It troubled me to ſee my payment ceaſe.
[n] And ſo much more, ſince by ill boading fate,
I then had loſt an office in the ſtate,
In Millain, through this vnexpected warre,
Hoping in vaine, ſhort time would end the iarre:
Horſes do ſterue (they ſay) whil'ſt graſſe doth ſpring,
And I found he ſaid true, that ſo did ſing.
At laſt vnto the Court I weary came,
And thus my ſuite vnto the Duke did frame;
My gracious Lord (ſaid I) vouchſafe ſome gaine
Vnto the elder merits of my paine:
Or ſuffer me that I may elſe purſue
My fortunes ſome where elſe, and not with you.
The *Graffanini* at that time by chance,
Began themſelues with courage to aduance,
Being perſwaded by [o] *Marzocchus* ſong,
To leaue the Pope who then had done them wrong;
And thereupon ſent many embaſſies,
Vnto our Duke their mindes to ſpecifie:
Th'effect was this, they did humbly craue,
They might their ancient priuiledges haue,
With their old cuſtomes; whereto he's content,
And they forthwith yeeld to his gouernment.
And hence it came out of ſome ſodaine grace,
I choſen was to gouerne in that place,
Either becauſe the time ſo ſhort did grow,
That well he knew not where he might beſtow
The office but on me; or for I beſt,

Might

[m] Whē *Arioſto* firſt followed the Duke of Ferrara, he of his owne voluntary minde beſtowed a yeerely penſion of him, but afterwards hauing warres with the Pope & the Venetians, both at one time, he withdrew his former liberality, nor whē they were ended did hee reſtore the ſame vnto him againe, which *Arioſto* tooke very vnkindly.

[n] *Aliud ex alio malum*, here is one miſcheefe vpon anothers neck; he no ſooner loſt his penſiō in Ferrara, but his office which the Cardinal *Hypolito* had beſtowed vpon him in Millain, was takē from him by reaſon of the ciuill warres in Italy alſo.

[o] This was the chiefe captaine of the rebels, who did perſwade his companions to leaue the Pope, & yeeld vnto the Duke of Ferrara, which vpon the conditiōs aforeſaid, they did. Whereupon the Duke ſent *Arioſto* thither as gouernour (to make him amends for his late vnkindnes) where he behaued himſelfe ſo wiſely that he brought the country into great quietneſſe, in ſuch wiſe as when hee came from them hee left them in a manner in good peace and concord, although whileſt he remained there, hee was much diſcontented and diſquieted in minde.

Might ſpared be as one of merite leaſt;
For which I count my ſelfe with humbleneſſe,
Bound by this grace vnto his mightineſſe.
It is his loue which bindes me to his grace,
For which I thanke him more then for this place,
Which though beyond my ſpirits it aſpire,
Yet doth it not accord with my deſire.
Now if about theſe rebels you demand,
What mine opinion is; it thus doth ſtand:
They rather did deſerue ſeuerity,
Then any touch of gentle lenity:
For when I do but call into my minde,
How periur'd and perfidious I them finde,
Although what e're I did was ſtill to eaſe them,
Yet there's no doubt but I did ſtill diſpleaſe them.
They nor like me, nor I their countrey loue,
And therefore daily pray for my remoue.
§ In this I do reſemble *Æſops* Cocke,
Who hauing found a pearle, the ſame did mocke:
A place I haue obtain'd of gaine and fame,
And yet (in ſooth) I care not for the ſame.

§ The Poet here compareth himſelfe to *Æſops* Cocke, who finding a precious ſtone, ſaid, hee had rather haue found a barley corne, and *Arioſto* had rather haue had a quiet warm ſtudy, then the great gouernment of Graffanini.

A Tale.

As with the Sea Venetian, ſo with me
It fares, to whom a ſwift-foot Barbarie,
(A gallant horſe) was giuen by the King
Of Portugale for ſome great meriting,
Who for he would ſhew that he did accept,
His royall gift, and not the ſame reiect;
Forgetfull how the difference to diſcerne,
T'wixt vſe of bridles, and the tall ſhips ſterne,
Mounts on his backe, and therewith taketh hold,
Vpon the pomell, like a horſe-man bold:
That done he ſtrikes his ſpurs into his ſide,
Saying ſoftly to himſelfe, for all thy pride,
Thou ſhalt not fling me downe do what thou can,
If the girthes hold, I'le ſhew my ſelfe a man.
The fiery jade, feeling the wounding ſpurre,
Began to plunge, to bound and keepe a ſturre:
Which when the good old Sea-man felt, he more,

Drawes in his bridle then he did before:
And ſpurs him worſe both on the flankes and ſide,
Till with his blood his riders heeles were dide.
The horſe not vſed to be ridden ſo,
Nor can his riders doubtfull meaning know,
The bridle holding backe, and bidding ſtand,
The ſpurre to go on forward doth command;
But in the end, madly reſolu'd thereon,
Flat on the ground he flings Sir *Pantalon*.
Our great *Magnifico* lies on his backe,
And cries as he were tortur'd on a racke,
With thighes all ſore, and ſhoulders out of ioynt,
His head ſore bruis'd, his heart at deaths laſt point,
All pale with griefe and feare in piteous wiſe,
Beſmear'd with durt, at laſt he vp doth riſe:
Right malecontented that he was ſo mad,
To deale in that where he no iudgment had.
Farre better had he done, and ſo had I,
He with his horſe, I with his country,
T'haue ſaid my Liege, or Lord, I am not fit
For this high place, nor doe I merit it.
This bounty doth exceed what I deſerue,
Let it ſome better worthes, and not mine ſerue,
If eyther I or he had beene thus plaine,
I had had much more eaſe, he leſſer paine.

THE

THE SIXT SATYRE OF ARIOSTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

He sheweth what qualities a good Schoolemaster ought to haue, and how hardly any is found honest of that coat, and in the end setteth downe certaine grieuous losses which he endured in his youth time.

To Master *Peter Bembo*.

Embo, [a] I nothing couet or require
(Though tis the careful parēts strōg desire)
[b] So much, as I might my *Virginio* see,
Rarely instructed in Philosophy,
Which who so hath he then is in request,
And may take vp his ranke amongst the best.
Now since I know that thou most learned art,
And of each liberall science hold'st best part:
Euen from my best of loue, I humbly craue
That of this youth, some watchfull care thou haue
And yet I would not haue thee to conceiue,
That with thee any trouble I would leaue:
Or that I would thou should'st his Pedant be
To teach him Grammar rules industriously
Tis not my mind: for I would haue thee know,
Better good manners doth within me grow.
Such men of worth as thou, and of thy place,

With

a He wrot this Satyre before *Bembo* was Cardinall, who as I said before, was Secretary to *Leo* the 10. who aduanced him to that degree.

b Although hee were neuer married yet had he two Sons by a very faire woman called *Alessandra*, whereof this *Virginio* whom he loued best was one. The other was called *Gran Baptista*, but the Lady to whom hee was deuoted most, was called *Genevera*, as hee himselfe confesseth in his seuenth Canzon or sonnet, where hee doth figuratiuely set it downe in a most scholerlike manner.

With these disparagements we doe not disgrace:
Onely my meaning is that at thy leasure, (sure,
Thou would'st vouchsafe to doe me that high plea-
As to bethinke thee, if vnto this end,
Thou know'st in Venice any worthy friend,
Or elsein Padoa 'mongst the learned throng,
Who speakes the Grecian and the Caldean tong;
Skilfull in knowledge, iust in deed and word,
With whom he may haue learning and his board.
If such a one thou know'st of worth and skill,
He shall (with reason) haue what e're he will:
Let him be learned, but especially
Looke that his life be fixt to honesty:
For if in vertue he doe not surmount,
Of th'other qualities I make no account.
'Tis easie to finde learned, but we can
Hardly finde out a learned honest man.
For in this age, who most of art doth braue,
Hath oft most vice (reading makes him a knaue.)
Besides, the c *Peccadillos* small of Spaine,

c This is a common speech in Italy when any hath committed any notable or horrible sinne, they terme it *Fronice*, or a small Peccadillo of Spaine: which grew first from this occasion: A certaine Caualier of Spaine came to his Confessor to be shriuen of his sin, to whom the Frier giuing eare, he began to tel him, that hee had mightily offended in pride. His Ghostly father told him, that it was the root of all euill, and the chiefe President of all the other deadly sinnes. but said he, despaire not, and beleeue faithfully, and thou maist be forgiuen, and the rather becausse all Spaniards by nature are poude and surly. Secondly, hee told him he was giuen to be very wrathful and full of choler; and this, answered the Frier, is another deadly sinne, and yet pardonable, in that you being a Souldier and a braue man at armes, ought not to pocket vp any indignity or abuse; especially if it were to the disparagement of your honour. Thirdly, he said, he was giuen to lust and lechery; and that replied the Confessor, is a heauy sinne; yet may proue to be light through grace, and may well be forgiuen as veniall, becausse thou art a lusty young man; and in the prime of heate and youth, and no d ubt but age will tame it in you. Fourthly, he said, he was much giuen to gluttony, and that (said his Ghostly father) may be pardoned, in that when you liue at home in your owne house, you liue with li tle, nor surfeting in meat or drinke, as you doe when you are abroad. To conclude, the Spaniard told the Frier, he was guilty of the other three sinnes, which were Sloth, Enuy, and Couetousnesse; the more is the pitty (answered the Priest) yet for your sloth, take more paines hereafter; in stead of being enuious, be louing and charitable; and for your couetousnesse, entertaine liberality and bounty, which will bring you soone to heauen; and so God forgiue you, and I doe. And hauing so said, he rose to goe his way; when the Spaniard staying him with his hand, told him, he had one little thing more to tel him of. The Frier asked him what it was; he replied, that it was a matter of no moment, and a meere trifle. yet (quoth the other) cleare your conscience of all now you haue begun. But, said the Spaniard, it is not worth the speaking of, it is nothing, *Nados, nados, Peccadillos, peccadillos*. The Frier hearing him make so small account of the same, and yet not willing to disclose it, was the more earnest with him to tell it. Whereupon on the sudden, the Spaniard burst out into these words; *Non credo in Deos*, I doe not beleeue in God. The Frier hearing him say so, blest himselfe with the signe of the Crosse as if he had beene some diuell, and away he got from him as fast as euer he could trudge. And euer since that time any famous or notorious villany is termed *Peccadillos di Spagna*, by the contrary.

They

They ſay he in his ſpeeches doth maintaine.
Of Atheiſme they him challenge, and approue
The faith Apoſtolike he doth not loue:
Nor of that Vnity (admired moſt)
Betwixt the Father, Sonne and holy Ghoſt.
He cannot thinke how th'one from th'other goes,
Like diuers ſprings wch from one fountaine flowes:
Nor can he in his ſenſe conceiue how one,
Should or be three, or that three ſtill be one.
He rather thinketh that if hold he ſhall,
An argument quite oppoſite to all,
Conteſting with all ſacred verity,
Alleadging for ſound reaſon Sophiſtrie;
That then his wit is excellent and rare,
And his conceit beyond the beſt compare,
Making the world beleeue he climbes the ayre,
And reaches to *Iehouah's* ſacred chaire.
If *Nicoletto* preaching holy writ,
Or famous *Martin* with his learned wit,
Suſpected be of infidelitie,
Or if they chance to hold ſtrong hereſie:
Their too much knowledge, I accuſe thereof,
Nor will I angry be thereat or ſcoffe,
Sith, their ambitious ſpirits mounting hie,
To ſearch Gods deepe forbidden ſecrecie,
No maruell 'tis though they confounded are,
When they beyond their ſtrengths will wade ſo far.
But thou whoſe ſtudy is humanity,
Wherein no ſuch depth lies confuſedly:
Whoſe ſubiects are the woods and ſhaddowing hils,
Or cryſtall ſprings whence water cleans'd diſtils:
Whileſt thou old martiall ſtories doſt rehearſe,
And blaze abroad in proude Heroicke verſe:
Or with the Rethoricke of ſweet wordes doſt moue,
And turneſt harſh thought into pliant loue,
Or elſe with pleaſing flattery too too baſe,
Princes doſt praiſe when they deſerue diſgrace:
Tell me what thou in thy conceit doſt find,

d Two famous Friers, the firſt of the order of S. *Auguſtine*, the other of S. *Francis*; & now of late daies *Lupo Panigarola & Aquapendente* haue beene counted very learned Preachers in the Court of Rome, inſomuch that the Pope would ſay *Lupus mouet, Panigarola ſuadet, & Aquapendente docet.*

That thou with madnes should'st perturbe thy mind?
Or what doth with thy knowledge disagree,
That thou as others should'st not honest be?
e The name thou did'st receiue when thou wert born
Of Saint or of Apostle, thou dost scorne:
When thee thy suerties do Christian make,
And so into the holy Church do take,
In *Cosnico* or in *Pomponio*,
Thou changest *Peter* to *Perio*,
Iohn into *Iano* or *Ioninian*:
Turning the Cat *Rennerso* in the pan,
As if the worse thou should'st be for the name,
Or thou thereby should'st purchase greater fame,
To be a better Poet, then if seriously
Thou plid'st thy booke with lesser vanity.
§ Such fooles as these, are such as *Plato* did,
From euery ciuill Common-wealth forbid
By his graue discreet lawes, since he well knew,
Nor good nor profite would from them accrew.
Yet *Phœbus* musicke nor *Amphions* art,
Shall not compare with these in any part;
Nor those which first did holy verse deuise,
Whose sacred tunes perswaded Angell wise,
Men for to liue with men, and so giue o're
To feed like beasts on Achornes (as before)
Whil'st in the woods and thickets wofully,
They sauage-like did range confusedly.
Most true it is, such as were strong'st of all,
(Whose lawlesse force the weakest did enthrall,
Taking from thē their flocks, their food, their wiues,
And oftentimes (without all cause) their liues,
At last became obedient to that law,
Which to be needfull for themselues they saw,
Whilest following plowes and tilling of the land,
They iustly got by labour of their hand, (paines,
And through the sweat which issued from their
The worthy haruest of their honest gaines.
Hence did the learn'd perswade the ignorant,

And

e Many Italians, both men and women will chuse rather to be called after the old Romanes then as Christians are, as *Peter* they wil be called *Pierio*, for *Iohn Iano*, for *Luke Lucio* for *Marke Marco*, & such like.

§ *Arioste* taxing the base flattery & curiosity of his countrymen, sheweth the opinion of *Plato*, the scholer of *Socrates*, who was the famousest Philosopher in all Athens, and writte a booke, intituled His Common wealth; in which he banisheth al flatterers and ouer curious people as the most hurtfull members thereof.

And ſimple people who did iudgement want,
That *Phœbus* built vp Troy with muſickes ſound,
And *Amphions* harp rais'd *Thebes* out of the ground:
That muſicke could make mountaines to obay,
And ſtones to daunce about when they did play:
As *Orpheus* did, who with his holy ſong,
Lyons and Tygres drew with him along. (coat,
Yet thinke not though 'gainſt theſe of mine owne
I thus enueigh with loud and open throat,
But that (beſides vs Poets) I doe ſee,
In other ſchoolemen as much vanity,
Who doe deſerue worſe puniſhment then ſpeach,
If to the world I durſt their crimes appeach.
f 'Tis not *Quintilian*, 'tis not he alone,
That doth his Scholers villanies bemone,
But others, whom if here I ſhould diſplay,
And tell their vices, thou would'ſt quickly ſay,
g That from *Piſtons* cloſſet (not from mine)
h They ſtolne haue, and from *Peter Aretine*.
From others ſtudies, honour oft and ſhame
I reape, and ſo with pleaſure mixe defame:
Yet not in ſuch wiſe as when I doe ſpie,
That Poets praiſe as well do liue as die.
More I do grieue and inwardly lament,
To heare how ſaire *Aonie* by conſent,
Is ſenſeleſſe held without all braine or wit,

f *Quintilian* was the firſt famous Grammarian that euer read openly in Rome.

g This was an excellent Orator, called *Gieuan di Piſtoia*: He wrote diuers Epiſtles in Italy, but very wanton, which are much in requeſt amongſt his countrey-men the Italians.

h He meaneth from ſome of *Aretynes* laſciuious workes, which are of great acount in his countrey. *Aretyne* was born in Arezzo, a towne ſubiect to the Duke of Florence, and where excellent diſhes are made of fine earth for banqueting ſtuffe. At firſt he ſtudied Diuinity; but when hee ſaw the Court of Rome to make no account of vertuous learning, hee gaue ouer that courſe and writ moſt villanous bookes, as *Villa delle Monache, delle Maritate, & delle Curtezani*. Hee was ſuch a ſeuere taxer of Princes faults, which liued in his time, that hee was called *Flazello delli Principi*, the ſcourge of Princes. He died in Venice, and lieth buried in Sebaſtians Church, with this Epitaph.

Qui iacet l Aretin Amara Toſco *Et vine, & morti O Idmo mal diſſe;*
Del ſemen humani latia lingua trafiſſe, *Et fiſcuſo condio I nol conoſco.*

Here biting *Aretyn* lies buried,
With gall more bitter neuer man was fed.
The liuing nor the dead to carpe he ſpared,
Nor he for any King or Keyſar cared.
Onely on God to raile he had forgot,
His ſcuſe was this (quoth he) I know him not.

i By this couert name he bewaileth the diſgrace of Poetry that is in this age.

And that the winde ſo wauering doth not flit:
Then if from ſome moſt fooliſh Doctors voice,
His neare Ally in folly and in choice,
I ſhould haue heard the ſame, to whom ſome foole,
(Like to himſelfe) in his vnlettred ſchoole,
The ſelfe ſame honour on his fame ſhould clap,
With a ſcarlet gowne and formall corner cap.
[k] It grieues me more that weake *Placidian* ſtill
With feaſts and ſurfets ſhould his olde age fill,
As when he did his youths firſt heat enioy;
And that from man he ſhould become a boy:
Then for to know how that the ſame diſeaſe,
Andronico my neighbour doth diſpleaſe,
Who hath poſſeſt it full this ſeauen yeare,
And yet (as at the firſt) is nothing cleare.
If it be told me, greedy *Pandarus*
Is o're-much griping, *Curio* iealous,
That *Ponticus* affects Idolatry,
And *Flauius* ſweareth moſt egregiouſly:
It doth with ſpite goe to my heart more neare,
Then when for ſmall gaines I *Cuſatro* heare
Falſe iudgements vpon any one to fixe,
§ Or that *Maſſe Baptiſt* doth ſtrong poiſon mixe
Amongſt his Phiſicke, whilſt (through trechery)
His Spaniſh figs kils vs vnnaturally.
Or, ſith that Maſter in Theologie,
(The counterfeit of deepe Diuinity)
Who (for the nonce) to doe his country wrong,
Mixeth his Burgamaskes with the Tuſcan tongue,
Keepeth in pay a ſniueling durty whore,
Who at one birth two baſtards to him bore:
Whil'ſt for to pleaſe her greedy ne're-fild gut,
He ſpends Gods cope vpon that brothell ſlut,
Though his own ſterued mother 'mongſt the poore,
Goes vp and downe, and begs from doore to doore:
Yet afterward I heare him bluſhleſſe cry,
As if he were nought elſe but ſanctitie,
Saying I am the man doth pray and faſt,

Giues

k Vnder theſe fained names of *Placidian* and others which follow after, as *Andronico*, *Pandarus*, *Curio*, *Ponticus*, *Flauius*, *Cuſatro*, and the reſt, he taxeth ſome great men that haue liued, of grieuous faults.

§ The Poet hauing repeated all the grieuous offences of his country, eſpecially that of impoyſoning, which is moſt common; eyteth one *Baptiſt* a notable Mountebanke, whom it was ſuppoſed, made that confection wherewith *Victoria Corumbona* impoyſoned the Duke of Brachiano.

Giues almes, and leads my life pure virgine chaſt:
And which is more, thou know'ſt O God aboue,
Deare as my ſelfe I doe my neighbour loue.
But neither this diſſembling nor the reſt,
Brings to my thoughts or trouble or vnreſt,
So that it ſhall nor breake my quiet ſleepe,
Nor me from food or other pleaſures keepe.
It is not me, it is themſelues they wound,
The ſores whereof will on their ſoules be found.
But to returne from whence this ſpeech me draue,
[l] I for my ſonne would ſuch a Maſter haue,
As by my good will with theſe vgly crimes,
Should not be ſtain'd, nor challeng'd by the times:
One that would truly make him vnderſtand,
From the great language (ſo loued in our land)
[m] What politicke *Vlyſſes* did at Troy,
Both of his trauels, and his ſad annoy;
[n] Or all that euer *Appolonius* writ,
Or what *Euripides* (that fount of wit)
With Tragedies of ſtately *Sophocles*,
And the Aſtrean Poets workes of praiſe.
To them adde *Pindarus*, whoſe famous bookes
Call'd Galatea from the water-brookes:
With all thoſe other writers, which ſo long
Haue beene renowned for the Greekiſh tongue.
Already hath my ſelfe taught him to know,
Virgil and *Ouid*, and *Horace* long agoe.
Plautus and *Terence* he doth vnderſtand,
And oft haue ſeene them acted in our land.
Thus (without me) by this his Latin aide,
[o] He may hereafter ſafe to Delphos traide:
Nor can he miſſe the way to Hellicon,
But ſafely to his iourney's end paſſe on.
Yet that his iourney may the ſafer be,
And he more ſtrengthned by his induſtry,
[p] I faine would haue for him a truſty guide, (tride.
Whoſe knowledge in theſe countreyes hath beene
My ſlothfulneſſe, or rather deſtiny,

l He meaneth *Virginio* of whom we ſpake before, who afterward became a Churchman, and had very good Eccleſiaſticall liuing, but his other ſonne *Gian Baptiſta* was a ſouldier, and became Captain of a band of men of the Duke of Ferrara; of whom hee was well accounted, and liued in good eſteeme with him.

m He meaneth *Homer* that famous Greeke Poet.

n *Appolonius* of the ſect of Pythagorians, wrote an excellent diſcourſe of his trauels in Greeke, which is extant.

o His meaning was whe his Sonne had gotten the Latine tongue perfitly, then he ſhold learne the Greeke, and not before.

p *Arioſtos* care is to be commended in that hee is ſo deſirous to haue a good ſchoolemaſter for his ſonne.

p He was sorry he could not teach his son Greeke as well as he did Latine.

q Forbids my selfe to keepe him company
From *Phœbus* Temple vnto *Delos* Ile,
As Romane gates I opened him erewhile,
My meaning is, that I am farre to seeke,
Though Latine I him taught, to teach him Greeke.
Alas, when first I was by nature giuen
To verse, and not thereto by strong hand driuen:
My bloome of youth being in the first appeare,
As hauing on my chinne not one soft haire,
My father with all rigor of his wit,
Quickly compels me to abandon it,
To study glosses and the ciuill Law,
In which fiue yeares I spent, but no good saw.
But when he from his wisedome did perceiue
That I an endlesse web began to weaue,
And that against my nature I did climbe,
The scale I loued not, and so lost my time,
With much adoe he gaue me liberty,
And made his will my will accompany.
Now was I twenty yeares of age and more,
Nor had I any schoolemaster before,
So as (to tell you true) I scarce was able
To vnderstand in *Æsope* any fable,
Till smiling fortune brought me to conuerse
r With *Gregory* of Spoleto, whose commerce
I shall renowne and euer loue his name,
Be cause what skill I haue, from him it came.
In Romane language he was excellent,
And in the Grecian tongue as eloquent;
So that he well could iudge from skill profound,
Whose trumpet had the shrill or better sound,
§ Or *Venus* sonne, or *Thetis* louely boy:
But I in those deepe iudgments tooke no ioy,
Nor sought to know the wrath of *Hecuba*,
Nor how *Vlysses* slily stole away
From valiant *Rhesus*, both his life and horse,
By art of wit, and not by manly force.
For I desirous was to know at first,

r This was an excellent Latinist and a good Grecian, & the best schoolemaster that euer *Arioste* had.

§ By the first hee meaneth *Æneas* the supposed son of the goddesse *Venus* by the other *Achylles* the son of *Thetis* goddesse of the Sea whose worths being most excellēt, he thinketh none so excellent a scholler as his master *Gregory* is able to discribe them.

Why

Why to *Æneas*, *Iuno* was ſo curſt,
Or why her malice with prolixity,
Held him from being king of Italy.
Beſides me thought no glory would ariſe,
From the Greeke tongue, to me in any wiſe,
If firſt I did not Latine vnderſtand,
It being once the tongue of our owne Land.
Whilſt thus the one with induſtry I ſought,
Hoping the other would with eaſe be caught:
Angry occaſion fled me, for becauſe,
Offring her fore-lock, I did ſeeme to pauſe:
ſ That hapleſſe dutcheſſe tooke my *Gregory*
From me, to fix in her ſonnes company,
Whoſe vncle did vſurpe his ſoueraignty,
For which ſhe ſaw reuenge ſufficiently,
(Though to her coſt) alaſſe why was't not meant,
That he which wrongs ſhold haue the puniſhment!
t The vncle and the nephew, ſuch was fate,
Loſt at one inſtant, kingdome, goods, and ſtate:
Both being conuaid cloſe priſoners into France,
One inſtant giuing date to each miſchance.
But *Gregory* at the ſuite of *Iſabel*,
Followed his ſcholler whom he lou'd ſo well,
u To France he follow'd, where he liu'd, till death
Tooke from his beſt of friends their beſt of breath.
This loſſe ſo great with other loſſes more,
Which (vnexpected) I with patience bore,
Made me forget the Muſes, and my ſong,
And all that to my ſtudy did belong.
x Then dyed my father: from *Maria* now

ſ He meaneth *Iſabel* daughter to *Alphonſo*, king of Naples whoſe husband *Iohn Galeazzo Sforza* was duke of Milan, ouer whō ſtate his vncle *Lodwick* (ſurnamed the More, becauſe he was of a tawny complexion) did vſurpe, and in the end poiſoned his foreſaid nephew, who died at Pauia, after whoſe death his ſon called *Frantis Sforza*, who married *Beatrice* the daughter of *Hercules* Duke of Ferrara, being very yong, ſucceeded his father in the Dukedome, but his foreſaid great vncle *Lodowick* ruled all. To this yong Duke *Frācis Sforza*, was *Gregory di Spoleto* tutor, by the meanes of *Iſabel* his mother.

t After *Lodwick* had a while vſurped vpon the Dutchy of Milain, which belonged vnto his Nephew both hee and his Nephew, were betrayed by the *Swizers*, & ſold to *Lewis* the 12. then king of France, who ſent the priſoners to the caſtell of Loches, wherin they remained as long as they liued. The foreſaid *Lodwick* was a Prince moſt excellent for his eloquence & induſtry, & for many good gifts of nature and ſpirit, a creature of very rare perfection, had hee not beene of a too ambitious & aſpiring minde: others report that there was no commendable quality in him, but giuen to be buſie headed and troubleſome, ſetting his neighbour Princes together by the eares: he was the firſt which brought *Lewis* the 12. king of France into Italy, being one of the chiefe occaſions of all the troubles that hapned vnto his country: others ſay he began an vſurper, liued a diſſembler, and died a begger, and which is worſe, a wretched priſoner.

u *Gregory* of Spoleto following the yong Duke *Francis Sforza* into France, within a while after died there.

x When *Arioſto* was 24. yeares of age, his father died (who in his youth had beene a companion of Duke *Borzo*, and after that an officer to Duke *Hercules*) leauing his mother called *Maria* to liue with him, and another of his ſiſters called *Maria* alſo, for whom he was to prouide a dowry.

My

My mind I to *Maria* needs must bow:
I now must finde a husband who must take
One of my sisters to his louing make.
Then for another I must straight prouide,
That to a lesser charge I might be tide:
y For though the Land came vnto me as heire,
Yet others held in it with me a share.
Then to my yonger brothers was I bound,
Who me a father in my loue haue found,
Doing that office which most dutiously
I ought performe to sacred piety.
Some of them vnto study did attaine,
Some in the Court did couet to remaine:
Each one to such good courses so well bent,
That to my conscience they gaue good content,
Where by I saw their vertuous infancy,
Would saue their age from all indignity.
Nor was this all the care which from my booke,
Kept my long thirsty and desiring looke:
But many more, (though these sufficient be)
That I was for'st in this extremity,
To tie my Barke vnto the safe calme shore,
Lest it should sayle at randon as before,
Aud so vnwares vpon the quicke-sands runne,
Whereby the rest and I might be vndone.
z But I as then so many crosses had,
And in so many folds of griefes was clad:
That I desired nothing but my death,
As weary onely of a weary breath.
a Ay me! as then my chiefest pleasure died,
The columne whereon all my hopes relied,
He whose commerce did onely ioy my hart,
Gaue life vnto my study, bred mine art:
Whose sweetest emulation made me runne,
That from the world I might the goale haue wonne.
My kinsman, friend, my brother most, most deare,
My heart, my soule, nay then my soule more neare,
My best *Pandolpho* died; ô that my death

Had

y Although *Arioſto* was the eldeſt Sonne yet was not hee left rich, becauſe his fathers liuing ſtood moſt vpon offices & fees, which died with him.

z He was ſo much perplexed with the charge of ſo great a family as he had, & with beſtowing his ſiſters, and prouiding for his brothers, that he was in a manner ready to giue ouer his ſtudy, had not the emulation which hee had with a gentleman of his owne name and kinne called *Pandolpho Arioſto*, ſtill renewed his former diſpoſition.

a *Pandolpho* his cheefe friēd and cōſin dying, hee tooke his death ſo heauily, as for a while hee gaue ouer his booke and ſtudy.

Had beene the happy ranſome of his breath.
O hard miſhap, O cruell ouerthrow,
That to the *Arioſtian* houſe could grow,
To leeſe their choiſeſt branch, their garlands grace,
Whoſe like ſhall neuer grow in any place.
In ſo great honour liuing didſt thou liue,
That I but rightly ſaid, when I did giue
Thee firſt preheminence to vertues crowne,
In all *Ferrara* or *Bologna* towne;
From whence thy noble anceſtors firſt came,
And at this day doe flouriſh in the ſame.
If vertue honour giues, as vice diſgrace,
Then neuer was there any of his place,
More likelier to obtaine in each degree,
All honour, worth, and famous dignity.
Now to my fathers death, and next to his,
(Two images my ſoule can neuer miſſe.)
[b] Adde how I was oppreſſed with the thrall,
Of ſeruitude vnto the Cardinall:
[c] And yet no Prince with him may be compar'd
For bounty, though to me perpetuall hard.
For from the time Pope *Iulio* was create,
Euen till his breath of life did conſumate,
And afterward, of *Leo* ſeuen yeare,
He did not ſuffer me ſtay any where,
And ſo my wits about his worke applide,
That in no certaine place I could bide:
That from a Poet I was ſtraight tranſuerted,
And to a worthleſſe Caualier conuerted.
[d] Note then if poſting alwaies vp and downe,
Through Cities, Courts, and euery countrey towne,
I could the Greeke or Chaldean tongue obtaine,
Whil'ſt to my ſelfe my ſelfe did not remaine.
Now I aſſure thee I doe much admire,
That ſuch a fate my fate did not acquire,
[e] As did to that Philoſopher befall,
Vpon whoſe head a ſtone fell from the wall,
Whoſe very ſtroke did from his braine diſſeuer

b This was *Hypolito* the Cardinall, of whom wee ſpake ſo much in the firſt Satyr, hauing receiued but ſmall kindeneſſe for his great paines in ſeruice.

c The honeſt diſpoſition of the Poet, who commendeth the Cardinall, although hee had no cauſe thereto.

d This was aboue eighteene yeares in all, all which time he followed the Cardinals ſeruice with exceeding great paines, yet receiued little or no benefit.

e *Aulus Gellius* maketh mention of a certaine Philoſopher in Athens, who through a blow he had vpon the head with the fall of a great ſtone, fell into ſuch a ſtrange infirmity, that after hee was recouered he loſt his memory, in ſuch wiſe that hee forgot that euer he was a ſcholer, nor vnto his death could remember that euer he knew or had any learning at all.

All former thoughts and motions whatsoeuer.
But to be briefe, good *Bembo* I thee pray,
(E're I too late should wish) elect the way,
To choose for my *Virginio* such a friend,
As thy best iudgement may with worth commend,
That right might guide him to *Pernassus* hill,
Since I thereto haue neither fate nor skill:
Yet no such Pedagogue I craue as this,
Whose story I'le relate, and this it is.

A Tale.

There was a youth in Spaine of il-bred blood,
In learning poore, but rich in worldly good,
Whose frends when he was yong put him to schoole,
But all in vaine, the foole prou'd still more foole.
At last a liuing of the Church there fell,
In that same towne where this rich foole did dwell:
And to the same a free-schoole ioyned was,
Whither the towns-mens children all might passe
Gratis, and teaching haue, sith stypends great,
Allotted was to th'one and th'others seate.
Now when his kinne of this had heard the fame,
They thought with coyne to plant him in the same;
Meaning for schoole an vsher he should haue,
And for his Church some Deacon, sober, graue,
To both of which, small pensions he should giue,
And on the surplussage himselfe would liue:
For this was in the daies of ignorance,
When men did wealth, not worthy artes aduance.
Besides, they thought by this deuice to make
The world, this foole for some wise *Solon* take:
When they should heare what liuings he possest,
In which they none but men of note inuest.
Hence from the King of Spaine by coine they got
His royall letters, to commend this sot
Vnto the Pope himselfe, for it was he,
That held this gift in his owne charity.
Besides, a priuy item in them was,
His Holinesse should suffer this rich Asse
To be instald, and not examined,

As

As one whoſe arte was onely famouſed.
Onely three words of Latine he was taught,
When with his letters firſt he ſhould be brought
Before the Pope: which ſpoken artfully,
He ſhould haue his diſpatch with breuity.
The firſt was this, making a reuerence,
He onely ſhould ſay, *Salue ſancte parens.*
The Pope then, *Vnde veniſti*, would reply.
De Spania muſt he ſay, then by and by,
Vbi ſunt littere (laſt) the Pope would ſay,
He then muſt anſwere, *In manticâ mea.*
And take them forth, and kiſſing them he ſhold,
Forthwith diſpatcht be, with his bribing gold.
Thus being taught his leſſon by his friends,
Towards Rome he hies, for there his iourney tends.
But halfe the way he hardly had diſcern'd,
E're he had loſt the Latine he had learn'd.
Now as he beate his braines againe to find,
What he had loſt, though 'twas out of his mind:
It fortun'd as he did amuze thereon,
To ſee come by a great Proceſſion:
One of the Prieſts whereof did loudly ſing,
Salue ſancta mater, that the ſtreetes did ring.
When as this dunce no ſooner heard the ſame,
But into his dull braine forthwith it came,
Thoſe were the words he onely had forgot:
And therefore ouer-ioyed at his lot,
Great haſt he makes to haue a ſwift acceſſe,
(By meanes of friends) vnto his Holineſſe.
Where falling downe low, *Salue ſancta mater*,
Sayes the foole ſcholler with an open clatter.
The Pope not knowing what he meant by this,
Sayes, *Non ſum mater Chriſti*, you your marke doe miſſe
The other ſenſeleſſe (*Paragiſte* like)
Not knowing what he ſpake, or wrong or right,
De Spania, did reply with count'nance bold.
The Pope, that with a frowne did him behold,
Mumbled, *Demonium habes adoleſcens tu;*

In mantica mea, he replied, and drew
His bag, to giue his letters to the Pope:
Who thinking with the diuell he should cope,
Cried out, and for to run was ready prest,
Till one of some more wit then all the rest,
Found that an Asse was in a Lions hide,
Whose base ambition all men did deride.
But when the Pope the Spanish King did see,
So earnest in this fooles behalfe to be:
And likewise did consider how much gaine,
His coffers by such *Idiots* did retaine:
Accipiamus pecuniam then he said,
Et admittamus Asinum in his stead.
Thus was the Spaniard lightned of his gold,
And both these liuings vndesiru'd did hold.
Bembo, no such like Pedant do I craue,
We and the world too many of them haue.
Let him be learned, and an honest man,
Let him haue both these vertues if you can.
"Where vertue reigneth most, least vice is still:
"Thy iudgement's good, I aske but thy good will.

THE

THE SEVENTH SATYRE OF ARIOSTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

He sheweth that honours change manners, and that many men increasing in fortune and riches, change their first good vertues and qualities, being either vnmindfull or vnthankfull towards such from whom they haue receiued former curtesie, and how his desire alwaies was to liue at his study and booke quietly, and with a small liuing.

Written to the honourable Bonauenter Pistofilo, *Secretary to* Alphonso *Duke of Ferrara.*

NOble [a] *Pistofilo*, thou dost write to me,
If I the Dukes Embassador wold be, (space
[b] Vnto Pope *Clement*; and for three yeares
In Rome liue Ledger, with all port and
To giue thee notice, and thou wilt with pain (grace;

a *Ariosto* writ this Satyre a little before hee got leaue to giue ouer his Lieuetenancy of Graffanana, which hee so much misliked: and this *Pistofilo* being Secretary to the Duke of Ferrara, obtained license for him to come away; not long before which time he offered him to go Embassadour to Pope *Clement*, but he would not in any wise accept it.

b *Clement* the seuenth was base sonne to *Iulio* (*Leo* the tenths brother) he was called *Iulio* before, and was first made Knight of the *Rhodes*, by the afore-named *Leo* his kinseman, and after that Cardinall and Legat of Bologna. He was so mighty when he was Cardinall, as making his entry into two Conclaues, he was absolute commander of sixteene voyces. He was at last made Pope within two yeares after the death of *Leo* notwithstanding the many obtrusions and emulations of the most ancient Cardinals. This man married *Catharine di Medices* his Neece, vnto the second sonne of *Francis* the French King: and in his time was Rome sacked by the Emperiall army (whereof the Duke of Burbon was Generall, and was slaine before the walls) and the Pope himselfe, with certaine Cardinals taken prisoners. He died hated of all his Court, suspected of most Princes, and for the order of his life, he left behind him a renowne, rather hatefull then acceptable; for he was accounted couetous, of little fidelity, and naturally farre off from doing pleasure to any man; insomuch that he was in a manner vnwilling his owne house of Medici should be aduanced.

To my requeſt this ſuit and glory gaine.
Beſides, with reaſons thou doſt me perſwade,
That I would in this noble motion wade:
As firſt that all men haue eſteemed me,
A perfit friend vnto the *Medici*:
That we acquaintance moſt familiarly
Haue had together, and moſt inwardly:
As well when they at firſt were baniſht men,
As when their Citty cald them home agen:
That I knew *Leo* after; and before
On crimſon ſhooe the golden croſſe he bore.
Next (that beſides thou thinkſt, I profit ſhould
The Dukes eſtate) vnto my ſelfe it would
Exceeding gaine, and mighty proffit bring,
Beſides the ſteps of honor I ſhould win:
That in a riuer great more fiſh are caught,
Then in a little brooke of eaſie draught:
That Princes ſeruices haue no compare,
And where we profit finde, all pleaſures are.
But now that you haue to my minds beſt eye
Explain'd your wiſedome, hearken my reply.
Firſt to thy noble vertues thanks I giue,
That thus in thy remembrance I do liue:

e Although our Poet was well acquainted with Pope *Leo* and all the houſe of the *Medici*, when they where but priuate Citizens, & after whē they obtained greater dignities: yet hee like a wiſe man, looking into the world, and perceiuing the faſhiō of courtiers, how they would giue faire wordes, but do few kind deedes, conſidering how well he deſerued at their hands, he very cunningly drew his neck out of the collar, and gaue ouer the Court. But to come to *Leo* the tenth againe, hee was choſen Pope, the ſeuenth day after the Cardinals went into the Conclaue, being thē but thirty ſeuen yeares old, the yong Cardinals being the occaſion of his election, by their great induſtry, hauing long time before ſecretly agreed amongſt themſelues, to create the firſt Pope of their number: his name was *John* before. Hee was a mighty Prince in his time; for he poſſeſſed in peace, & great obedience, the largeſt eſtate of the church of Rome; and his whole Court florisht wonderfully vnder him in plentifull happineſſe. He had ful authority ouer the ſtate of Florence, which in thoſe dayes, was a Common wealth mighty in people, policy and riches. He was naturally inclined to pleaſures; and therefore tooke no great delight in hearing of ſuits and buſying himſelfe about ſuch affaires as concerned the Apoſtolicall Sea; his cuſtome was to conſume the day in hearing of muſicke, in ſeeing of Stage-playes, and trifling with ſcoffers and ieſters, and was ſo effeminate, as he was altogether eſtranged from warres giuing himſelfe ſo much to eaſe, that he grew ſo corpulent and fat, as though he was but a young man, yet was he ſcarce able to goe vpon his legges. Beſides he was ouer liberall and magnificall; inſomuch that hee not onely waſted the treaſures that *Iulio* the ſecond, his Predeceſſor left him, but alſo was euer poore and needy. He had no great care to raiſe or make great his houſe or kindred, after his two brethren *Iulio* and *Peter* were dead, being greatly vnfortunate in this, that he liued to ſee in himſelfe the end of his owne houſe, excepting one yong mayden, who was called *Catharine di Medices*, of whom we ſpake before. He died in Rome of a feuer, but as ſome ſay he was poiſoned by *Barnaby Malaſpina*, his Chamberlaine, whoſe office was alwaies to giue him drinke; and it was thought he was hired thereunto by the French King then liuing.

And

And that I finde thou alwaies did'ſt contend,
How me vnto aduancements to commend:
Seeking to make me worthy as the beſt,
When my dull ſpirit with no fire was bleſt.
Next, I aſſure thee, willingly I wold,
Paſſe fire, or flood, or any freezing cold,
To ſerue the Duke: nor ſhalt thou me command,
To Rome alone, but euery other land
I'le poſt through willingly, and trie the fate
Of France, of Spaine, or of the Indian ſtate.
But where thou ſaiſt, that I ſhall honours gaine,
And to my ſelfe a world of wealth attaine,
If that thou thinkeſt will moue, then pardon me,
For in that point I cannot iump with thee:
[d] Other deuices muſt allure my minde,
Ambition in my thoughts I neuer finde:
Honour I haue too much, I none do lacke,
And faine I would diſcharge ſome from my backe.
It ſhall ſuffice, as through Ferrara I
Walke to diſpatch my buſineſſe ſeriouſly,
Each one that meetes me, giues me courteſie,
Vaileth his hat, and ſpeaketh thankefully:
[e] For all men know, it oft hath pleas'd his grace,
That I at his owne table ſhould take place.
Nor when or for my ſelfe, or for my friend,
I doe the weight of any ſuit commend,
Am I repul'ſt; but what I wiſh to draw,
(So it agree with reaſon or the Law)
And if (although my minde be ſatisfi'd,
With all that doth in honours power abide)
I had ſo much of wealth that my deſire,
Vnto a greater height could not aſpire:
I then ſhould quiet be; where now my minde,
To keepe a compaſſe right I neuer finde.
I for my ſelfe but this wiſh and no more,
That I might liue, not begge of others flore.
Which henceforth I'le not hope for, ſince I proue,
So many mighty men haue vow'd my loue,

As.

d *Vulpes amoſa haud capitur laqueo.* *Arioſto* had tried the Court ſo often, where hee found onely wordes and no deedes.

e *Alphonſo* Duke of Ferrara vſed him very kindly, making him in ſome ſort his companion, though otherwiſe hee got little in his ſeruice.

As might haue made me rich, and yet refuſed,
(For little I haue had, and leſſe haue vſed)
Whence growes the cauſe that thus I poorely ſerue,
Although I might ſay, better I deſerue.
[f] I will not that the power which once was ſlow,
From careleſſe *Epimethius* crue to goe,
Shall draw me like a Buffone by the noſe,
Nor will I more delight in flattering ſhoes.
Much doth the painted turning wheele me feare,
Which after one ſelfe manner euery where
Is drawne by painters: true 'tis like to be,
When as ſo many in one thing agree.
[g] He that ſits on the top thereof's an Aſſe,
All know this riddle, and may let it paſſe
Without a *Sphynx*, which may the ſame expound,
The meaning with ſuch eaſineſſe is found.
[h] Beſides, 'tis ſeene that all which mount on hie,
Eftſoones refine their members curiouſly:
[i] And what of earth behinde doth heauy ſtay,
That keepes him backe in all things as it may.
The very hope it ſelfe to minde I call,
Which with the leaues and flowers came firſt of all,
But after fled away; nor did September,
Expect all this. And more, I can remember
[k] The day the Church was vnto *Leo* giuen,
For ſpouſe, and (for her dowry) endleſſe liuing:
When at that marriage, I ſo many ſaw,
Of my beſt friends, who then to Rome did draw,
On whom faire ſcarlet honours were beſtow'd,
Whil'ſt I liued ſtill with my poore needy load:
The Calends came, the Ides were paſt and gone,
Yet I of any was not thought vpon.
I could not be remembred, and yet I
Remember this, and ſhall do till I die.
[l] O 'tis moſt vaine, for man on man to truſt,
I'le none beleeue, they all are moſt vniuſt.
That day came down from heauen fond fooliſh hope
And went to forraine ſoiles, when firſt the Pope

Imbrac't

[f] Fortune is fained by the Poets, to be ſlow in eſcaping from the veſſel of *Epimetheus*: that is, an afterwit is better then a forewit, a good lucke commeth not ſo ſoone as an ill. Of this *Epimethem*, you may reade more in *Plato*.

[g] Alluding to the common ſaying, *Fortuna fauet fatuis*: for commonly it is ſeene, who deſerueth beſt, findeth leaſt fauor at her hands.

[h] Hee ſaith that euery one that is lifted vp vpon the wheele of Fortune, looketh hie, forgetting his old friends, and becommeth a new man as it were, not remembring his old poore acquaintance, with whom hee ſo familiarly conuerſed before.

[i] Meaning honors changeth manners; affirming, that a meane man raiſed to dignity, and then bumbling himſelfe, as he did before, ſhalbe rather hindred then aduanced thereby, and therfore he muſt keep ſtaid ſtill.

[k] He meaneth *Leo* the tenth of whom we ſpake before.

[l] An excellent ſaying of *Arioſto*, and a worthy precept to know the inconſtancy of common friendſhip.

Imbrac't and kiſt me(though it was vnmeet)
Whil'ſt proſtrate I fell downe before his feet.
But afterwards, when I percein'd that nought,
(Saue ayre of words)his fauours to me brought:
And that experience taught me how to know,
That onely ſhadowes from ſuch grace did flow:
I then began to giue deſpaire my hand,
And plainely ſaw, I fiſh't on the drie land:
And ſince that time I vow'd,none to beleeue,
Nor more(for what I cannot haue)to greeue.
[m] There was a *Gourd* or *Mellon*, long agoe,
That(in a while ſhot vp)ſo high did grow,
As it a Pear-tree(neighbour by)ſo couered, (thered.
That with her leaues, his boughes were welny ſmo-
Now this ſame Peare-tree on a morning chan'ſt
To ope his eyes,and round about him glan'ſt:
For he had ſlept a mighty ſleepe and long,
And ſeeing how this new fruit did him wrong,
Said vnto it; what art thou,and what chance,
Makes thee ſo ſoone thy proud head to aduance?
Where wert thou hid,when I fell firſt aſleepe,
That o're my head,thus proudly thou doſt peepe?
The Gourd told him her name,& ſhew'd the place,
Where on the ground below ſhe planted was:
And that in three months ſpace,it did attaine,
Vnto that height in which it did remaine.
And I(replide the tree)with mighty feare,
Haue hardly got this tallneſſe which I beare:
Although this thirty yeares I here haue growne,
And haue all ſeaſons and all weathers knowne.
But thou which in the twinckling of an eye,
Haſt rais'd thy faire head euen into the skie,
Aſſure thy ſelfe,as thou art growne in haſt,
With ſelfe-like ſpeed,thy glories all ſhall waſt.
Euen ſo my hopes which made me poſting come,
My vain fond hope,which brought me firſt to Rome,
Might well haue ſaid,I came in fitter time,
[n] Euen when the *Medici* were in their prime,

[m] He applieth his haſty poſting to Rome,to be aduanced by *Leo*, when hee was made Pope (of which he was deceiued)and the ſudden riſing of *Leo* and the *Medici*, and his chiefe friends, to the ſprouting of this Gourd,which as it roſe haſtily, ſo did it fall ſuddenly, & ſo did they all; *Arioſto* of his expectatiō, the Pope & all his followers of their glorie.

[n] Although the chiefe of the houſe of *Medici* had but ill fortune,w[ch] were Pope *Leos* brethré,yet *Clement* his kinſman, who ſucceeded him in the Papacy,raiſed vp again his family in Florence; for he ſent for his nephew *Alexander* out of Flanders;who cōming to Florence, proclaimed himſelfe abſolute Duke of that City. He married the Emperours baſe daughter, & carried himſelfe very ſtoutly towards the people;inſomuch as in the end he was ſlaine by a kinſman of his own,called *Laurece di Medices*; who thereupon fled to Venice, & was afterward ſlain by certain men,in hope of a reward, which was proclaimed to be giuen to him that could take the murtherer either aliue or dead. *Alexander* being thus diſpatcht,*Coſmo* the ſon of *Iohn di Medices*, was choſen Duke of the Florētines,who liued ſome 23.years after his election He married *Don Diego di Tolledo* daughter, Viceroy of Naples, & had diuers children by her, of which *Francesco* ſucceeded him, and after his death then *Ferdinando* his brother. This *Ferdinando* maried the daugh-

ter of the Duke of Lorrain,grandchild & executrix to *Catharin* ther of France.

di *Medices* late Queene mo-

That I did helpe them when they did remaine
Exiles, and sought to bring them home againe:
And that to make the Lambe like *Leo* proue,
A Princely Lyon I did thither moue.
o He that had held *Charles Sofinas* braue spright,
Would then perhaps haue said in open sight,
p When he had heard *Lorenzo* to be nam'd
By stile of Duke, and with that title fam'd:
q He to Duke *Nemours* would as much haue said,
And not of scornfull eyes haue stood affraid,
r Vnto the Cardinall of Rosi, and
s To *Bibiena* (mighty rich in land)
Who had beene better much if he had staid
t At Torsy, then a red hat to haue swaid:
u He would haue said vnto *Contesina*,
x To *Magdalena* (beauteous at that day)

o This *Sofina* was a Noble man of Romagna in Italy, allied to the Strozzi of Florence, and therefore one that could not brooke the greatnesse of the *Medici*.

p When *Leo* the tenth was Pope (as I said before) he vniustly expulst the Duke of Vrbin out of his lawful estate, and placed his nephew *Laurence* in that Dukedome, who had to wife through the fauor of *Francis* the French King, Lady *Magdalena*, nobly descended of the Duke of Bullion, with a yearely reuennue of ten thousand crownes, during her life. But this mariage proued but fatall vnto them both; for after he had beene a while in France, where hee consummated his wedding, his wife died, and he within a while after followed her, leauing none other heire of his body lawfully begotten, then one young daughter, called *Catharine*, who (as I said before) was married to the French King *Henry* the second; she died in *Anno* 1588. about the same time that the Duke of Guise was slaine in the Castle of Bloise by her sonne *Henry* the third, king of France and *Poland*. In this foresaid *Katharine* ended the direct and right line (speaking of those which were lawfully begotten) of *Cosmo di Medices*, surnamed the great. The forenamed *Laurence* was a man of great hope for his yeares, for his valour and learning, and was a great *Mæcenas* and fauourer of the learned; he left a base sonne behinde him called *Alexander* first Duke of Florence, who (as I said but euen now) was afterward slaine by his owne kinseman.

q He meaneth *Don Iulian* Pope *Leos* brother, who died of a consuming & languishing disease in Florence, whose wife *Philiberta* of Sauoy, although she was but young, and withall passing faire, when her husband left her widow, notwithstanding she had many great offers of diuers Princes which then liued; yet did she (to the wondring of euery one) giue ouer the world voluntarily, retyring her selfe into a Nunnery, which she her selfe had built, where she liued in deuotion vnto her dying day.

r This was a Noble man of Florence, a follower of the *Medices*, and by *Leo* made Cardinall.

s He meaneth *Barnard Diuitia* of Bibiena, who was a mighty man of wealth, & a true friend vnto the *Medices* in all their troubles, aiding them continually with men and money. A man of that good conscience, that *Don Iulio* Duke of Nemours made him his executor when he died, although as then hee had two brethren aliue, which were Pope *Leo*, and *Peter* the eldest of the three.

t Torsy was *Bibienas* chiefe house or place, not farre from Casentino. The Poet saith, he had beene better to haue liued quietly at home, then to haue beene Cardinall, because it cost him so much in assisting the *Medices* in their troubles, and againe, because he did not long enioy that honor, but died.

u *Contesina* is the name of *Leo* the tenths mother.

x This was the King of France his kinswoman and wife to *Lawrence* the Popes Nephew, of whom we spake before,

y Vnto

y Vnto the daughter and the mother in law,
z And all that houſe which euery one then ſaw
O'recome with ioy, euen thus I ſay, he wold
Talke to the world with courage ſtrong and bold.
Thy ſimilie moſt properly applide,
May be to them which doe with greatneſſe bide:
For as their ioyes aboue all ioyes did runne,
So ſhall they quickly fade and be vndone.
a All men muſt die, their time indures not euer,
And this ſtrong fate can be eſchued neuer:
That *Leo* alſo ſhall his life reſigne,
E're Troies firſt founder ſhall into the ſigne
Turne eight times; this as Goſpell is moſt true,
For ſo each thing did afterwards enſue.
But to ſpend much idle talke herein,
I ſay, I firſt of all did then begin,
To giue o'r all my more then fooliſh hope,
When I got nothing of my beſt knowne Pope.
If *Leo* gaue my fortunes nothing, then
'Tis vaine to hope for gain from other men (draught;
(Deare Lord) thou muſt with other hookes and
Fiſh for me, if thou looke I ſhall be caught:
But if perforce thou wilt haue me to goe,
Thy will be done, and I am preſt thereto:
Yet honour ſhall not moue me, riches leſſe,
For neyther of them both I would poſſeſſe:
Honour I ſcorne, for 'tis meere vanity,
And riches mixe not with my deſtiny.
b Say rather I ſhall leaue this place I keepe,
Nor longer with theſe barbarous people ſleepe,
More rude then are the rockes wherein they dwell,
So rude their manners are, and wrath ſo fell,
Say, I ſhall not be troubled, ſome to fine,
Some to exile, to kill, or to confine:
Whil'ſt I complaine that force doth ouer-ſway
All reaſon, yet that force I muſt obay.
Tell me, I ſhall haue leiſure and fit time,
To talke vnto the Muſes in ſweet rime,

y This was *Alfonzina* the Popes ſiſter, and mother vnto *Laurence di Medices*, vnto whō *Leo* granted a donation of the profites and exactions of the indulgences in many places in Germany; vpon which occaſion *Martin Luther* began firſt to take exception againſt the Pope for the ſame, and ſo conſequently againſt the Popiſh religion.

z The coronation of *Leo* was ſo ſumptuous and coſtly, that many tooke exceptions againſt the ſame, as in Guychardine more at large appeareth.

a All that were at the coronation of *Leo* in their iollitie, (I mean the greateſt perſons) died within a while after, firſt *Peter* the elder brother was drowned, *Iulian* the ſecond conſumed to death ſhortly after, *Laurence* their nephew died of a languiſhing diſeaſe in France, and his wife a little before him left her life there alſo; ſo likewiſe *Contefina* the Popes mother, *Alfonzina* his ſiſter, the Cardinals of Roſſi & Bibiena, yea and the Pope *Leo* himſelfe: all theſe, I ſay, died one after another in a ſhort ſpace, as namely in the ſpace of eight yeares and leſſe.

b He intreateth (rather then to be troubled any more) to be rid firſt of his Lieutenancy of Graffignana, the countrey being ſo full of factions and diuiſions, and ſuch a number of rebels & *Banditi* ſwarming euery where, as hee was in a manner weary of his life.

And mid'ſt faire groaues and arbors to deuiſe
The ſtrength of verſe, and rarely poetize.
c Tell me, with *Sadolet*, with *Bembo*, *Ionio*,
With *Molza*, *Vida* and with *Bloſio*;
With *Tibaldo* and *Pontanus*, and the reſt,
I may liue at mine eaſe, moſt happy bleſt,
Taking for guide, which of them beſt doth pleaſe me:
Or altogether ioyntly ſit and eaſe me,
Whilſt they to me old Romes antiquity,
Deſcribe at large with graue authority:
d Saying here *Circus* was, and here did ſtand
Forum Romanum, and here on this hand
e *Saburra* ſtood, this *Sacer Cliuus* was,
And now by *Veſtaes* Temple you doe paſſe.
Tell me, I cannot any thing indite,
(Nor of what ſubiect beſt ſhall pleaſe me write)
But I may counſaile haue, and take aduiſe,
If any doubt doth in the Author riſe:
That out of Latine, Tuſcan or of Greeke,
I may tranſlate, or any pleaſure ſeeke.
Beſides the number great thou mai'ſt me tell,
Of worthy ancient bookes which doe excell:
f All which Pope *Siſtus* through the world of late,
Did gather for the good of publique ſtate,
Whil'ſt this rare library each one may vſe,
And what him liſt may from it cull and chuſe.
Now when ſuch proffers thou ſhalt make to me,
Of noble worth, account and dignity;
And yet this iourney I refuſe ne re-leſſe,
Thou then mai'ſt ſay that frenzie doth poſſeſſe
My troubled braine, and melancholy fits,
Hath brought diſtemperature vnto my wits.
But I, in ſtead of anſwering thee, will play
g As did *Emilius* once, who forth did lay
His foot vnto his friend, ſaying you ſee (ouſly,
How cleane my ſhoe is made, how neate, how curi-
And yet for all this, little doſt thou know,
Where it doth wring me, or doth gall my toe.

c Theſe are the names of certaine learned men, then abiding in Rome, and familiar friendes and acquaintances, with our Poet.

d Circus was a place like our Tilt-yard, where the auncient Romanes vſed to runne with Chariots and horſes for certaine games or priſes.

e Saburra was a ſtreet moſt of all frequented in Rome, by reaſon there dwelled many Courtezans, for *Vbi cadauer ibi Corui*; and therfore like enough to giue occaſion of much quarrell and mis-rule among youths, as apeareth by *Iuuenall* and *Martiall* in theſe verſes.

Fame, non nimium bonæ puellæ,
Quales in media ſedent Saburra.

f One of the rareſt Libraries in the world, built in the Popes Pallace of S. *Peter* in Rome by *Sixtus Quartus*, and much augmented by *Sixtus Quintus*: it is thought there are not ſo few as ten thouſand bookes little and great within the ſame.

g This *Emilius* was a noble Roman, who hauing married a marueilous faire and beautifull yong Lady, put her away, & being blamed of his friends for ſo doing, held out his foote vnto them, ſaying, ſee you this my ſhoe how fine it is made, how well it fits my foote, and how handſom it is for me, and yet none of you all knoweth in what part of my foote it wringeth and pincheth me; euen ſo my wife, although as you ſay, ſhe is fair, courteous & wel ſpoken, yet none of you know in what ſort ſhe offendeth me.

He takes me from my ſelfe that doth remoue
My body from the natiue ſoile I loue:
For being abſent thence, I cannot liue,
Yea, lay I in *Ioues* lap, I yet ſhould grieue.
And ſhould I not be daily one of thoſe,
Who for their morning walkes with pleaſure goes
[b] Betweene the *Domo* of Ferrara, and
Thoſe famous ſtatues which richly ſtand,
Of my two noble Marqueſſes, then I
Should die with griefe, to want that liberty.
And leaner would my viſage be then his,
Whoſe lips the water and the fruit doth kiſſe:
Yet hath no power eyther of both to taſte,
But pines with hunger, and away doth waſte.
Francis the firſt French King that bare that name,
One day by fortune vnto Paris came,
And by a wealthy Burgeſſe feaſted was,
Whoſe ſumptuous cheere and bounty did ſurpaſſe.
Now whil'ſt the King amongſt his minions ſate,
And merrily diſcourſ'd of euery ſtate:
Each one began to tell ſome wondrous thing,
And 'mongſt the reſt one tolde vnto the King,
That at that time within the Citie was
An old man liuing, who by geſſe did paſſe
The age of foureſcore yeares, yet ne're was ſeene,
Out of the wals of Paris to haue beene.
The King admiring at this tale, ſtraight ſent
For this old man to come incontinent,
And of him did demaund if true it was,
That he beyond thoſe wals did neuer paſſe:
Or whether feare or loue became the cauſe,
Which his affections to ſuch ſtraightneſſe drawes?
The old man thus replide, So pleaſe your grace,
I was borne, bred, and brought vp in this place;
And now I am foureſcore and ten aboue,
In all which time my foote did neuer moue
Out of the Citie gates, though men of worth,
Haue by intreaty ſought to get me forth:

[b] He meaneth the two ſtatues in the market place of Ferrara as you goe to the Domo, (which is the Cathedrall Church of the ſame Citie) the one of *Lionel*, and the other of *Borro*, two Princes of the houſe of Eſta.

So that 'twas not command, but mine owne will,
Which in this towne hath thus confin'd me still:
Besides, no motion in my minde hath moued,
From whence the countries sight should be beloued.
Well then, replide the King, since this long space
Thou freely with thy friends hast held this place,
Henceforth I charge thee on the paine of death,
Thou not presum'st so long as thou hast breath,
To looke beyond these wals; for I intend,
As thou hast liued, so thou shalt make an end.
The poore old man, who neuer long'd before
To goe out of the towne, or out of doore,
As long as it was in his liberty:
Now that he saw he to the contrary
Commanded was, with a most strange desire
To see the countrey he is set on fire:
But seeing by constraint he thus was tide
Against his will, for very greefe he dide.
Noble *Pistofilo*, no such minde I hould
As this old man did, but I rather would
Liue in Ferrara euer from my birth,
Then any forraine nation of the earth:
Yet should I be compell'd to leaue that place,
And goe to Rome, it would be lesse disgrace,
Then to continue in this hellish soile,
Where nothing is but trouble and turmoile:
But if my Lord intend me any fauour,
O let him call me home, or send me rather
i Vnto *Argento*, *Bondena*, or where
He can deuise, so I may not liue here.
If needes I must be made a toyling beast,
I faine would haue my burthen with the least:
No pack-horse, but a foot-cloth would I be,
For they but one man carry easily.
To serue the Duke my soule did neuer grudge,
Onely I grieue to be a common drudge.
But now if you demand the reason why,
I loue mine owne home thus exceedingly,

i Argento and Bondena are Cities belonging to the Dukedome of Ferrara, to which *Arioste* was often sent by the Duke, and many times vp and downe about his businesse, which he disliked very much.

I will as willingly the ſame confeſſe,
As I my grieuous ſinnes doe more or leſſe,
Plainly diſcharge to my Confeſſors eares,
When at the ſhrift he all mine errours beares.
And yet I know, that thus replie you can,
And ſay: Loe here a perfite well ſtai'd man,
Of foureſcore nine yeares at the leaſt, and yet,
Of youths worſt looſeneſſe he muſt haue a fit.
k So much to pleaſure he his minde doth giue,
That without wantonneſſe he cannot liue.
But it is well for me, that I can hide
My ſelfe within this valley where I bide,
And that an hundred miles thy purer eye,
Cannot extend to ſee my vanity;
Or whether pale or red, I chance to looke,
When with eſcapes I ſuddenly am tooke.
For then thou ſhould'ſt perceiue, I bluſh't for ſhame,
Although my letter do not ſhew the ſame: (*Amber*,
l And thou would'ſt thinke that neither old dame
Nor her young daughter (good ſtuffe in a chamber)
For all their varniſh, looked halfe ſo red:
Or that olde father *Canon* lately dead,
When he let fall amid'ſt the market place,
A bottle full of wine (with foule diſgrace)
Which from a Frier he had but ſtolne before,
Beſides (which were about him found) two more.
Were I but with thee now a while, I doubt
Thy loue would with my folly haue about:
And with a cudgell, thou would'ſt beate me well,
To heare theſe franticke reaſons which I tell,
And doe alleadge to liue where as thou art,
For were I with thee, I would neuer part:
But nature and my duety bids me ſerue
My Prince and countrey, as they do deſerue,
m Although there is another whom I would
Rather attend on, if get leaue I could.
Great Lord, thou art a Courtier by thy place,
And mai'ſt command, for thou haſt ſpeciall grace:

k He frankly confeſſeth that he cannot liue except hee enioy the company of his Miſtreſſe.

l The firſt a notable old mother baude, and the other a famous Courtezan of Ferrara in thoſe dayes.

m He meaneth his Miſtreſſe, whom he ſaith, he had rather attend on, then vpon any Prince in the world.

The

The Dukes chiefe Secretary thou onely art,
And mak'st him blest that liues within thy hart.
n Although thou little in thy stature be,
The great'st in Court are glad to crouch to thee:
And truely worthy art thou of thy place,
Since to all vertues thou dost giue all grace.
Wisely thou dost, for better 'tis the loue
Of people, then their hatred to approue:
Chiefly where Princes as their fancies range,
Their fauourites do often chop and change.
But yet for all these caps and bended knees,
Which done vnto thee of all sorts thou see's:
Sir (by your leaue) for all your gallant glory,
You sometimes feele what makes you sad and sory.
Oft do you wish, denie it if you can,
That you might liue like to a priuate man:
Courts haue their crosses, kingly crowns their cares,
Who merriest liues, the best of all men fares.
Vnto no Embassie doe me preferre,
But to my Mistresse, I would goe to her.
o Intreat the Duke I may come home againe,
And that's the boone I craue of all my paine:
Let him but me vnto Ferrara call,
And thou shalt haue my thanks, life, soule and all.

n This *Pistofilo*, Secretary to *Alphonso*, Duke of Ferrara, was a man low of stature, & little in body, but of so excellent a wit, and happy memory, that none liued in those daies like vnto him. Besides he was of a sweet conuersation, and an humble carriage towards all men; insomuch as being of the Dukes priuy Counsell, he was greatly fauoured and beloued as well of Prince as of the people. Duke *Alphonso*, would merrily say, that what through this little Pinace the Bonauenture and his strong Castle *Bavletto* (alluding to the name of his Secretary, which was *Bonauenter Pistofilo*, and his chiefe Generall of all his forces, called *Galeazo Barletto*, a famous Souldier) hee thought himselfe strong enough to encounter with any of his neighbour Princes. This Secretary was an inward friend and of great acquaintance with *Nicholas Machuel*, and *Peter Aretyne*, who liued in the reigne of *Henry* the eighth of famous memory, King of England He died in Ferrara, but his body with solemne pompe was conueyed to bee buried at Modena, where he was borne, it being interred in the Monastery of S *Francis*, there where his monument is at this day to be seene. o *Pistofilo* performed this request of *Ariosto*; for within a while after, he had liberty to come to Ferrara, where hee liued quietly and in great credite vntill his dying day.

FINIS.

Three moſt excellent Elegies written by that *famous Poet*, LODOVICO ARIOSTO: the firſt vttered by IL DISGRATIATO, who *through extreme rage pulled out his owne eyes: the* ſecond by DON INFELICE, who with ſorrow wept out his eyes: and the third by DISAVENTVRATO, who with a paſſion of madneſſe, burnt out his eyes with the ſcorching heate of the Sunne beames.

The generall Argument of the three Elegies.

THree Gentlemen of honourable deſcent in Italy, being enamored of three moſt beautifull Ladies, and following them in great ſecrecie many yeares (who promiſing alſo to be loyall to their well deſerving ſeruants, yet proued after to be falſe and vnconſtant) after they had moſt apparantly found and perceiued that their Miſtreſſes were mutable, they tooke their diſloyalty ſo inexpreſſable grieuous, that the firſt called Il Diſgratiato, *being in extreme fury, pulled out his own eyes: The ſecond* Don Infelice *grieued ſo extremely that through his extreme ſorrow he wept out his owne eyes: And the third* Diſauenturato, *fixing his face for the nonce againſt the ſcorching beames of the Sunne, in the hotteſt time of Somer, being, in a manner madde for anger, burnt out his owne eyes with the very heate of the ſame, becauſe he would ſee her no more, who had ſo much before bewitched his ſight.*

ELEGIE. I.

The complaint of the firſt Gentleman Il Diſgratiato, *who through extreme rage pulled out his owne eyes.*

LOue, thou haſt curſt me with blacke deſteny,
To loue her beſt who ſaid ſhe beſt lou'd me,
And yet (by her ſweet ſelfe I ſweare) I liued
In that my torment ſo content, vngrieued,

That all ſecurity like ſweete ſoft ayre
I uld my care-wanting ſence in Muſicke ſpheare.
¶ O on her never-ſatisfied eyes,
So much I doated, ſo did ſacrifice
My vnrepealed vowes, that ſtill my faith
Made my thoughts ſweare, that neither time nor death,
Diſdaine nor fortune, no nor hell had power
To make her cheerefull eye vpon me lower,
Or adde one drop of water to that fire,
Which burnt in her vnquenchable deſire.
And yet alas 'tis moſt true (though moſt ſtrange)
From me (moſt kind) ſhe (moſt vnkind) doth change,
Giues all her loue away, breakes loyall band,
And for her heart leaues me not now her hand.
New fleeting obiects, rocke-build faith diſplaceth,
And all my loue by ſmall degrees diſgraceth.
Her heart, her eye, and all from me is gone,
And but for griefe of this I liued alone.
* Which when my iealouſie let me behold
And all her Protean fancies did vnfold,
Then I began t'accuſe her treachecy,
Which ſhe denies, and ſcornes apoſtacy.
Sweares that from ſuch offence ſhe is as cleare
As infants are, or ſun-ſhine when moſt faire.
Could I woteſt or not beleeue her then?
O no I could not, women gouerne men.
Credit I gaue till time and her deſire
Broke through the ſmoake into a flame of fire.
And all the world ſo couered with her ſhame,
That of her ſelfe, her ſelfe confeſt the ſame.
O baneſull moſt, and diſmall be the day
Whoſe foule prodigious birth did take away,
My mirth, my pleaſures, my delights, my toyes,
And in their place fixt ſorrowes, cares, annoyes.
Too well alas her cruelty did know
My heart deſeru'd not thus to vndergo
The martyrdome of chance, ſince euer ſtill
It did effect what euer ſhe did will.
But Star-croſt fate ſo great a tyrant is
He ſtill torments him moſt, doth leaſt amiſſe.
Now when I ſaw diſdaine was ſo vnkind,
That moſt in ſight, I moſt was from her mind,
And that her nouell ſoule to be all new,
Tooke one moſt falſe for him that was moſt true,

¶ The Italians do hold it for a maxime that it is onely the eye of a woman which is the true obiect of loue, and that through a ſupernaturall power, the eye of the woman darteth into the eye of the man thoſe beames of affection, which cauſeth the impatience of loue, and ſo of the contrary the eye of the man ſendeth downe by the eye vnto the heart of the woman, thoſe affectiõs which are vnquẽchable and vnreſiſtable.

* It is moſt certaine that amongſt all the attributes of kingdoms there is none more certaine then iealouſie to an Italian, as may appear by *Don Antonio Siluios* locke, by the great maſſacre of the great houſe of *Brachiano*, and by the generall cloſetting of all the beſt reputed Miſtreſſes of Italy.

I fight ſo much, wept and cride out ſo long
Againſt her ſhame, and mine iniurious wrong,
That madde with rage I tore out of my head,
My hurtleſſe hurting eyes which me miſlead.
Them from their peacefull monuments I rent,
Leſt after time ſhould force them to conſent,
To leade me once more to that wretchedneſſe,
Which worſe then hell holds paine without redreſſe.
For more I ſaw her, ſtill ſhe was more faire,
And more her beauty, more was my deſpaire.
So faire ſhe was, was nothing like her fayre,
Surpaſsing all in heauen, in earth, or ayre.
When ſhe was borne I ſaw all of her kind
To teare their hayres, and ſtrow them in the wind,
Maligning loue, becauſe he did combinde,
More worth in her then was in womankind.
And Nature they baptiz'd, a ſtepdame mother,
Sith making her, ſhe had mar'd euery other.
And where in others ſome one grace did grow,
What ere was cald a grace in her did flow.
Which I ſuppoſe *Nature* did to this end
The world might her hie maſter peece commend,
Which was ſo rare as when thereon I thinke
My ſoule amaz'd doth as of *Lethe* drinke:
Forgetting all things elſe, ſith pen nor tongue,
Can tell the wonders which to her belong:
Yet painter like Ile trie if I can draw,
Her beauty to the life, obſeruing law
Of penſill-pen proportion, and though I,
Know I ſhall faint, ere I ſhall artefully
Giue due to her leaſt ſhadow, yet I will
Attempt my vow (who dares ſhall know his skill)
Aſsiſt me holy Muſe, kindle my flame,
To make her beauty bury her defame.
First there was neuer Nymph that had a hayre
So rich, ſo ſoft, ſo delicate, ſo fayre.
The colour was not gold, gold it did paſſe,
And was of more tranſparance then pure glaſſe,
Curld (not by Art but Nature) rare it ſhord
When gentle blaſts of wind blew it abroad,
And whilſt it lay vpon her louely cheeke
(Seeming to ſmile as oft as they did meete)
Heauens grutcht thereat as wanting ſuch faire light,
Apolloes locks were neuer halfe ſo bright.

* The Poet here doth out of a most singular inuention make his Mistresse countenance an Almenacke, or a prophetique Augurer of her owne thoughts, taking this rule from Phyſiognomy that what the heart couereth, that the countenance displayeth, as bashfulnesse, guiltinesse, and harmelesse imputations are discouered by blushings: and natural impatience, accidentall perturbations, and dishonorable actions are shewed by the frownes and bending together of the countenance.

* Her spacious forehead, like the purest skie,
Portending change of seasons you might spie.
Or like a Christall mirrour pure and true,
In which my Mistris heart I still might view,
And plainly read both her thoughts and mine owne,
Clos'd in her breast, disioyned or alone.
Looke how a cunning Pylote on the Sea,
Skil'd in the Starres and Winds, and springing day,
Knowes euery change of weather that shall fall,
Within his horoscope in generall.
So her faire forehead of my pleasures was
And of my woes the perfect looking glasse.
Her dainty eye-browes of rich Ebony,
Each gazing proud attempt did soone espie,
Denouncing death gainst them that were too bold,
By strict surney her best beames to behold.
Witnesse am I to this, who neuer thought
Of such deare ill, till I to death was brought.
From these Loue tooke the patterne for his bow
With which he men and Gods doth ouerthrow,
So that she neuer winck't, or gaue a glance,
Were it premeditate, or else by chance,
But still there whirld into my harmelesse heart,
Darts, lances, light winds, fires to make it smart:
Then thou my heart to beare these plagues not scorne,
Since for her sake to suffer thou wert borne.
Her little cheekes were like Pomgranats fine,
Died with some drops of purest claret wine
Resembling liuely sparkes of sacred fire,
When bashfull she doth blush at rash desire,
Or like a little heap of mountaine snow,
From whence a heauenly flame doth sweetly grow.
So many dainty colours when I saw
My pleased soule to admiration draw,
I would haue sworne she had bene or the spring,
Or goddesse of a greater better thing.
For why her beauty so farre did surpasse,
That the springs prime in midst of winter was:
O such her cheeks were as did conquer kings,
And with a smile gods to subiection brings.
My Muse vnto her mouth doth leade me next,
A dainty glosse for such a pleasing text.
Faine would I reade on this her beauteous booke,
But t'is in vaine, so hie I dare not looke,

Onely

Onely for one kiſſe I my life would giue,
Such rare perfumes within her breath doth liue:
Then nature ſhew'd her vtmoſt workmanſhip
When ſhe did pourtray forth that witching lip,
Which with no cherries colour is oreſpread,
Now yet with Sinaber or ruddieſt lead,
For from the heauenly Indias ſhe hath brought
Corall and Rubies (giuen to her for nought)
One touch of them more pretious I would hold
Then all the earth containes or ſeas infold.
White and bright pearle her Iuory teeth did ſeeme
Their orient ſmoothneſſe gaue them that eſteeme,
Nor euer had the Eaſt ſo rich a treaſure
Although it doe abound in wealth bone meaſure:
For if that pearl'd pernills of the mind,
Chance but to open, it hath power to bind
Both Sunne and winds, and euery moning flame,
Whilſt Muſeke words doe iſſue from the ſame.
And if from thence one ſmile chance to aſpire,
Thouſands of ſoules are therewith ſet on fire
And well may he ſay (whoſe good hap it is)
To heare her ſpeake of martyrdome or bliſſe,
That in her mouth true Paradiſe doth dwell
VVhence (woe alas) long ſince ſhe did expell
Me like another *Adam*, for I fought
To know the good and euill of her thought.
Like a rich Tablet of inchaſſed gold,
So was her Diamond breaſt in mans behold.
Aboue the which in rare forme did ariſe,
Her ſmooth throat clearer then the Chriſtall ſkies.
As for her necke it bore a golden frame
Like the beſt pillar in the houſe of fame
Their modeſt baſhfulneſſe was ſet enſeald
In princely throne, whilſt bout her (as in wald)
Stood for her guard all vertues that were rare,
As chaſt thoughts, holy loues, and wiſhes faire:
About her heart was written curiouſly
Deſire of Honour, Feare of infamy,
Then you laſcivious youthes hence packe away
This place is ſacred, here you muſt not ſtay.
If ſo (my lips) why then now doe you itch,
Take heede, as beauty none's ſo ſlie a witch.
Vnder a peece of thinne lawne hidden lies,
Her dainty dugges (fruit brought from forth the skies)

These be the flames which set mine heart on fire,
Being kindled with the bellowes of desire,
Whilst with their amorous pantings they doe proue
How to be free from this her bosome loue,
But to no end: for there's the forge of care
Where sighes are fram'd, and al our longings are.
* *Cupid* in heauen, nor in his mothers speare:
Not any seat hath halfe so proud as there,
Nor hath he any place where he in blisse,
Doth soiourne more, or more's at ease then this:
Here is his watch, and fire which he doth make
Hence (when he was a babe) he milke did take,
Here when his mother would him beate he hides,
Saue here no where in calme safety bides:
From hence who doth inuoke him he will heare,
In this place he doth all his tooles repaire.
Here he makes new, and mends his bow and darts,
And lights the fire that burneth louers hearts.
Here (like a wanton wagge) he with one dugge,
Doth toy, and with the other play and tugge.
Ah might I in this blessed bed repose,
I would not care although I neuer rose:
Descending downe, there is a straite descent,
(Woe's me, that way as yet I neuer went)
A narrow strait there is, an vncouth way,
The readiest way to pleasure some doe say,
But hard to finde, and which is worst of all
It neuer openeth, though men crie and call:
There are those wondrous fruits whose pretious tree,
Excels th'Hesperian orchards Iuelry,
And they are planted in so strong a land,
As seene or touch them neere hath eye or hand.
Onely where they doe grow a man may gesse,
But nere come there, t'is fate remediesse,
So fierce a keeper wardeth at the gate
As neuer malekind enter can thereat.
¶ O chastest shadow groue, Elizean field,
The safest port which doth true pleasure yeeld,
Where neuer storme nor tempest hath bene seene,
Where all is like the spring, still flowring greene.
Vpon the entrance of which gate is writ,
(The more poore louers hearts with care to split)
Lo heere the treasure house of true delight,
From which Ambrosia flowes, and Nectar white.

Cupid is fained to bee the bastard sonne of *Venus*, & *Mars* whose power is ouer louers, and of whose attributes and dieties milkmaides in these daies are able to dispute: but if any ignorant desire further knowledge, let him hire a pedant, and reading *Propertius*, he will make him an excellent commentary.

¶ The ancient Poets held all death damnation, onely for those sins which haue beene intituled veniall, as is honourable manslaying desperate loues, country sacrifice, and such like: they haue fained to be in hell, or bordering theron a certain delicate flowring and pleasant field, wherein all such soules doe continually walke without any further torment, which is the true Idea of the supposed Purgatorie.

Now

Now gentle porter for faire *Venus* ſake,
To me poore pilgrime ope but once thy gate.
Long haue I call'd and cried at this dore,
Yet is my labour bootleſſe as before.
O thou are more then rich, and doſt abound,
Whilſt I with pining want to ſtarue am found.
But t'will not be, I ſee I muſt be gon,
To beggers prayers hence doth no almes belong.
It is in vaine her white hands to compare,
To any mortall things, they are ſo rare.
Lillies, Roſes, Saphyres, and Iuory,
Ballan'ſt with theſe are idle foolery.
For when loue to himſelfe will honour giue,
Theſe are the ornaments that make him liue:
This maketh peace and warre, this inſtrument,
All minds and eares doth bleſſe with mild content.
O cruell hand, the hard key to my heart,
O hand that nere gaueſt eaſe to my ſoules ſmart,
¶ Thou art *Achilles* lance, (mans ſaluing treaſure)
And canſt both hurt and heale me at thy pleaſure:
My heart can witneſſe this, for though I liue
The wound yet bleedeth which this hand did giue,
O hand no hand, but rather *Cupids* glone
Which he gaue *Piſtebes* as his pawne in loue.
Vnder her violet pretious ſenting foote,
Lyeth my harmleſſe heart troad at the roote,
Who though he thus be ſpurnd on, yet nere leſſe,
He doth not grudge on her diſdaine expreſſe.
The worſt of her diſgrace he kindly taketh,
And as her ſacred fauours of them maketh.
And if abroad ſhe chance her foote to moue,
Euen ſenceleſſe ſtones are ſtricken with her loue,
And when alone to take the aire ſhe goes,
Thence where ſhe treads both hearbs and flowers growes:
But when in courtly wiſe, ſhe doth aduance,
Her ſelfe to tread the meaſures of a dance,
Then to the parting ſoules new life ſhe giues
And by her motions men quite dead reuiues.
Imagine then what vertue is in her,
When ſtones, hearbs, flowers with fancy ſhe doth ſtirre.
Too well I know it: for I ſaw ere now,
Trees (as by them ſhe paſt) to her to bow.
But farre more precious are thoſe parts, though hid,
Which ſqueamiſh ſhame to talke off doth forbid.

¶ The lance of *Achilles* had that ſingular vertue giuen it by his mother *Thetis*, that whatſoeuer it hurt, it could not be cured by any medicine, ſaue by that lance only

You ſqueamiſh Ladies too well know the ſame,
Your bluſhing ſhowes her beauty is your ſhame,
But aboue all he knowes her moſt moſt faire.
* That ſmug-fac'ſt *Bello* author of my care
He knowes and ioyes at my great iniury.
Whilſt he enioyes what doth belong to me.
O had I beene depriued of my ſight
Becauſe I had beheld her in the light,
Nak't like *Diana*, and, for that amiſſe
¶ *Acteon* like beene baniſhed all bliſſe,
And of mine owne hounds all in pieces torne,
VVith boldleſſe patience ſhould I it haue borne.
To ſee what he ſaw I would gladly giue
Both life and ſoule, and euen forſweare to liue
But from mine eyes all ſuch delights are hid,
And yet I beare more torments then he did.
Breake then my heart to beare this heauineſſe,
And die my ſoule to know thy wretchednеſſe.
These many beauties in one noble frame
Aſſembled and vnited in the ſame,
Made the beſt worke, and perfiteſt creature,
That euer was admired for her feature:
Beſides her matchleſſe making in each point,
As out of waxe wrought in each limbe and ioynt,
So ſtrange was that to all, it did approue
She was create when art did nature liue.
But had you ſeene her in her rich aray
You would haue ſworne ſhe had exceld each way.
* *Praxiteles* and *Phydias* workes as farre
As the faire Sunne a little twinkling ſtarre.
But now that I am tired in this wiſe,
VVhy am I forc'ſt to talke of her bright eyes?
Bright eyes (Loues fearefull lightning) eyes which I
Forgot not for the nonce maliciouſly,
But for I was vnwilling to increaſe
My grifes anew which neuer ſhall finde peace:
For once they were my chiefeſt hopes of all
My wiſhes and my ioyes in generall,
But now they are ſo dreadfull to my thought,
That thinking on them, I to death am brought.
And as an ague fit am ſhak't with feare
VVhilſt I am ſetting downe their vertues here.
Her diamond eyes like two Sunnes did appeare,
VVhilſt they ſo ſlie State-politicians were.

* Vnder this title of *Bello* he faineth that Italian, who vndermined him, and wanne the fauour of his Miſtreſſe quite from him.

¶ *Acteon* hauing in a fountaine diſcouered *Diana* naked was preſently transformed into a Stagge, and ſo deuowred by his owne hounds.

* Theſe two were the moſt famous painters that thoſe ages could acknowledge either in Greece or Italy.

Such dainty ſhooters, and ſuch warriours mild,
As with conſent they euery one beguild.
So louely lookt they that mankind did long,
Vnto themſelues, themſelues to offer wrong.
Theſe were the tyrants which imperiouſly,
Ouer all hearts did carry emperie.
Theſe Trophees did erect, and had the ſpoyle,
Of all the louing hearts they put to foyle.
In them I ſaw lodg'd with extreme delight,
The hearts of Gods, of men and Angels bright.
Yet all of her neglected, mongſt which crew,
Mine owne ſtood moſt reſpectleſſe in her view.
Whilſt her bright ſtarres ſet all the world on fire,
And comet-like ſaid, Now dies king deſire.
But peace my Muſe, thoſe eyes were euer ſtill,
The charmers which did witch me with my will.
Now come I to the laſt and latter part,
(And yet the worſt of all the reſt) her heart:
Woes me that ſhe of me ſhould thus be blamd,
That I muſt ſay her heart of yre is framd:
Within ſome vncouth deſart, frozen, cold,
Moſt horrible and ſauage to behold,
There it was bred, and from a Tigers breſt,
Receiu'd it milke, lodg'd in a ſhee Beares neſt.
And afterward, more cruell to appeare,
It fed on gall, on ſoote and vinegar:
* And then it was by tranſmigration taken,
And placed in her breſt, hath me forſaken.
Which breſt being naked, ſhe forthwith did frame,
A ſhield of Diamond to hide the ſame:
Of ſo hard temper, and ſuch mighty force,
That neither ſweete intreaties, nor remorſe,
Loues dartes or fire-brands, wailings or warme bloud,
No nor enchanted ſpels can doe men good.
Or once ſo much as raze the tender skinne,
Much leſſe lay battrie to the parts within.
Needs muſt ſhe then of ſome hard rocke be borne,
Since pitie, worth and riches are her ſcorne,
Nor will ſhe vnto any ſuite agree,
Except my preſent death or agony.
Thus beauty is the cauſe of all my wailing,
Whilſt I though true in faith of faith am fayling:
Others offend, but I receiue the blame,
So oft the vertuous beare the vicious ſhame.

* There was an infinite diſputation held amongeſt the Philoſophers touching the eternity of mans ſoule, and amongſt the reſt *Pythagoras* & his ſect held that there was a tranſmigration or exchange of ſoules, as from man to beaſt, and from beaſt to man, from which opinion Poetically our Poet heere doth faine, that his Miſtreſſe ſoule vnder the title of her heart was taken from a Tyger or ſhee Beare, and ſo poſſeſſed of her bodie.

Then you mine eyes thrice happy to be blind,
Since you haue loſt both bodies light and mind.

Elegie. II.

The complaint of the ſecond Gentleman Don Infelice, *who with ſorrow wept out his eyes.*

IF euer man had fortune bad,
It is my ſelfe, for I haue had
Worſe then the worſt, and will aſſay
To tell the ſame, (woes haue no ſtay)
For as the Sea not greater growes
Although all waters to it flowes:
So though I ſtill my moanes expreſſe
Yet are my grieues no whit the leſſe,
Nor can I at this preſent ſorrow,
More then I did laſt day and morrow:
And though my woes-tides are ſo hie,
That they doe drowne mine heart and eye.
Yet ſhall my ſorrowes ſtriue to tell,
Why theſe afflictions in mee dwell:
Ile ſhow why I am ſicke and blinde,
Though her diſdaine is all vnkinde.
And thus my Swannes ſong I beginne,
A ſolemne diergie for my ſinne.
When twentie yeares I was of age,
I bound my ſelfe proud *Cupids* page,
And from him learnt to loue a dame,
That was of pearleſſe mould and frame:
And her ſo much I did adore,
That neuer man did like before.
Her loued I long, and that ſo deare,
As to diſcloſe it I durſt neere:
No not ſo much as make my thought,
Priuie to what my mind had wrought.
Much leſſe to let the world or friends,
Know any of my louing ends.
Thus all content with mine owne ill,
I in this ſecret fire burnt ſtill,
Imagining twixt her and mee,
Was one ſelfe flame, one ſimpathie,

Which

Which hope ſo bound vp all my ſence,
Finding fit place for mine offence:
That I was bold and did diſcouer
(Twixt hope and feare that guards the louer)
Th'affection which to her I bare,
The onely ſource of all my care:
Deſiring her moſt piteouſly,
With faltering tongue and weeping eye,
Or to accept me for her ſlaue,
Or friend in whom ſhe might ingraue
Her priuate counſels, and withall,
Into her eare I told a tale,
Of mighty waight which did concerne her,
And with ſtrong reaſons ſo did learne her,
What from an earneſt plainneſſe came,
That I confeſt I was too blame,
To take ſo great a taske in hand,
And knew not how my grace did ſtand.
No ſooner did my ſpeech expire,
But ſhe clad with diſdaine and tire,
As if the tale which I beganne,
Were made to vexe her: lookes all wanne,
Lowers, and turnes from me her face,
(A certaine ſigne of my diſgrace)
And then with lightning from her frowne,
So dead ſhe ſtrikes me in a ſwoune,
That yet my ſoule doth ſigh and quake,
To thinke what rigour her lookes ſpake:
And when I call into my minde,
How much her hate did ſhow vnkind,
Whilſt through diſdaine and feare I lay,
Like to a lumpe of ſenceleſſe clay,
Seeming no man but marble rather,
Whence onely ſhe my teares might gather:
At length vproſe I from the place,
Wailing and weeping in ſad caſe,
Curſing my tongue the cauſe of all,
Th'afflictions did on me befall.
And euer ſince my teare-fild eyes,
Haue wept ſo much in lauiſh wiſe,
That blind at laſt I am become,
And with my ſorrowes ſtroken dumbe.
Some yeares are paſt, ſince thus with ſorrow,
I haue conſum'd daies, nights, and morrow.

And now mine eyes can shed no more,
Griefes fire hath burnt them vp so sore.
Yet huge woes with my heart doth tarry,
Which reason saith my tongue should carry.
O euill vniust, my tongue did ill,
And yet mine eyes are plagued still:
For her I plaged am, for whom
I must aliue goe to my tombe:
For her whose like no Sunne hath seene,
Be't Nymph or Fayrie, Muse, or Queene.
So cruell none, nor one so fayre,
As she that driues me to despaire:
When first to looke on her I dar'd,
(O who would thinke mans fate so hard)
The torments that in me remained,
Were worse then those in hell contained.
Such was her cruelty vntam'd,
Against me that the world her blam'd.
And such a franticke passion bred,
Within my neuer resting head,
That euery time I saw her face,
¶ Me thought I stood fore *Pluto's* grace,
VVhilst vnto my calamity was showne
More tortures then on earth are knowne.
Besides I saw, when at first sight,
I was surprizd by beauty bright,
How on her gates hung all along,
Thousands of Chaynes, Ropes, Fetters strong:
Thousands of hearts, many a spoyle,
Of gentle Spirits which tooke the foyle,
Attyr'd in sabell colours sad,
VVith frosty heat, and hot frost clad.
Not farre from thence I might behold,
Millions of errors, selfe-will'd bold,
Thousands of woes without relieue,
Anguish, Despaire, Ruth, Care and Griefe,
Anger, Disdaine, Burning Desire,
VVhich ouer much seem'd to aspire.
All which did march with tried faith,
Vnder the enfigne of great death.
Resoluing then boldly to enter,
In at this gate of wofull venter,
I tooke Desire to be my guide,
* VVhilst Louelike Charon did abide,

¶ *Pluto* by the most approued Authors was supposed to be the king of Sicill, and one of the sonnes of *Saturne*, and because of the mountaine Ætna he was fained to be the King of hell, sith that he did continually belch out fire, as if it had bene the iawes of hel.

* *Charon* is fained by the ancient Poets to be the ferriman, which carryes all soules ouer the riuer of Styx into hell.

By

My ferry-man, yet did not row,
In th'other floud as others doe,
But longſt the fiery banks I went,
Through thicke and thinne with darke night ſpent.
The barke which ſeemed ſtill to ſplit,
And euery waue to coner it,
Was endleſſe feare, and ielouſie,
The oares, griefes thoughts, the ſailes moſt hie:
To which my ſighes at will did giue
Winds wherewithall the barge to driue.
But muſt I onwards go and tell,
How I did paſſe this lake of hell:
Then know ſo ſoone as beauty made,
Paſſage for mee, that I might wade,
Forthwith her cruelty vpon me ſet,
And ſtops my paſſage with ſtrange let:
Makes me conceiue that *Cerberus*
Appeares in ſhape moſt ominous:
And barks on me with open throate,
That I was frighted in my boate.
The firſt ſound of his voyce ſlue ioy,
The ſecond fill'd me with annoy.
The third depriu'd my heart moſt cleane
Of euery hope, and left it ſlaine.
O when I call to memory,
This hard encounter, then I die.
For then it was when quite was broke,
The ſtrongeſt ſtay of all my hope:
And without rites of funerall,
There my delights were buried all:
Depriued thus of all reliefe,
And ouerwhelm'd with true hearts griefe,
Full of deſpaire I could not find,
Ought that had power to eaſe my mind.
And therefore I beganne againe,
Though paſt all plaints to plaine amaine:
Which done, that I might onwards go,
From further ill to worſer woe.
I was with horror ſo agaſt,
That in his throate my heart I caſt,
Not to ſuffice endleſſe deſire,
For that could ne're her hunger tire.
Paſsing from thence I might perceiue
Her golden haires which winds did heaue,

To be liue ſerpents venomed,
Crawling like ſnakes about her head.
This ſtroke ſuch terror in my breſt,
As quite exild from thence all reſt,
So that I grew to haue ſtrange fits,
And in the end loſt ſence and wits.
But when imagination came,
To view her forehead, (ſeate of Fame)
Me thought a ſtone fell on me ſtill,
Whoſe pondrous waight, my ſoule did kill.
So that were I farre off or no,
Yet ſtill my ſtrong conceite ranne ſo.
Thus though it fell not, nor did wound,
Yet double was my torment found.
For why, my life but ſeeming was,
And therein did all death ſurpaſſe:
O life farre worſe then any death,
To languiſh with a tedious breath.
Fearing and feard, expecting ſtill
The banefull moment that muſt kill.
From thence deſcending downe mine eyes,
Vpon her eye-lids (clouds in skies)
I ſaw them dyed, to my hearts wracke,
Within forgetfull matters blacke:
Whilſt proud Diſdaine wth mortall ſtrife,
Sunke to the bottome my poore life,
And there by hand of Deſteny,
It was quite drownd maliciouſly.
Thus following on vaine falſe deſire,
My prowder eyes dar'd to aſpire,
Whilſt they two radiant ſtarres behold,
Starres which both gods and men controld.
Theſe whilſt I viewed I might perceiue
*The wicked ſiſters how they heaue:
Their empty payles, to empty oft,
(although in vaine) which they had brought
From forth the riuer of my teares:
Yet ne're to end their labour weares,
Whilſt ſtill the water doth encreaſe,
Nor from their paines they euer ceaſe.
For more they ſeeke to emptie it,
The more my teares fill vp that pit.
Nor can it euer be drawne drie,
As long as ſhe harth cruelty

Doth

Danaus hauing fifty daughters, cauſed them to murther all their husbands on their wedding night, for which offence they were doomd to hell, there to fill vp certaine tubs with water which had no bottomes, and ſo their labour endleſſe.

Doth entertaine within her eyes,
Which now ſhe gardeth ſouldier-wiſe.
But when within her cheekes I ſee,
So many louely flowers agree,
So many amours and delights,
Which doe bewitch the nobleſt ſprits,
To toy, to ieaſt, to ſport the while,
If ſhe but chance to grant one ſmile,
* O then I find that I am bound,
Vpon that wheele goes euer round:
So faſt I turne as I no peace,
Can haue, nor ere from turning ceaſe,
O neuer heard of torment ſtrange,
This is my plague, nor can it change.
I flie muſt from my ſelfe amaine,
And follow then my ſelfe againe.
From forth her lips and mouth proceeds,
The Vulture which vpon me feeds,
Making his feathers ſmooth and good,
Onely by drinking on my bloud.
Yet not ſo pleas'd, vpon my breſt
He feeds and ty'rs without all reſt.
Which done, the more to make me rew,
My fleſh and entrals grow anew,
So as not being ſatisfied,
I forc'ſt am freſh aſſault to bide,
Whilſt breaſt nor entrals it will ſpare,
Nor for milde pitie taketh care.
When I behold her throat ſnow white,
My heart is then in woſt woſt plight.
For then I make a ſure account,
¶ With *Siſiphus* the hill to mount,
Rolling the waighty ſtone thereon,
Which ſoone againe falles him vpon.
O toyling torment too too ſure,
For euerlaſting to endure,
VVhilſt what I fling vp to the hill,
Retorts and falles vpon me ſtill.
Thus doth my trauaile me turmoyle,
Thus time makes torments to recoyle,
Thus to the mountains top I ſcale.
Thus I deſcend downe to the vale.
And where my ending ſhould be found,
There's the beginning of my wound,

VVhich

* By this the Poet alludeth vnto *Ixion*, who offering to rauiſh *Iuno* the wife of *Iupiter* was deceiued with a cloud in her likeneſſe, and after condemned to hell, where he was bound to an eternall turning wheele which neuer ceaſeth turning.

¶ *Siſiphus* is fained for his offences to liue in hel, and continually to rowle a great ſtone vp againſt a ſteepe mountaine, which ſtone tumbleth backe vpon him as oft as he doth raiſe it vpward.

Which like my woes without all end,
Waxe worse and worse, but neuer mend.
Her beauteous bosome did appeare,
A golden fruite, a riuer cleare,
* Whilst I like *Tantalus* did stand
Staru'd yet with foode and drinke at hand,
For when mine open mouth would catch,
Or mine outstretched hand would snatch,
To stanch my thirst or hungers paine,
But all my purposes are vaine:
The Aples quickly doe denay me,
Nor will the water longer stay me.
I cannot taste nor haue a sip,
Though fruite and spring touch mouth and lip.
O false deceitfull hope that thus,
Mak'st my poore soule ridiculous.
The more because (although in vaine)
It is so mockt and put to paine.
Whilst all it wishes it beholdeth,
Yet not the least of all infoldeth.
This is the cause hunger and thirst,
Increase and make me more accurst.
Whilst I for my reliefe doe finde,
Bare shadowes and deceitfull wind.
O ill of ils, still to desire,
Yet neuer quench one sparke of fire:
Descending downwards then apace,
Alongst a secret pleasant place,
I might perceiue it was the way,
To those blest fields where blessed stay
All happie Ghosts, but hard alas,
To finde it seem'd, no path there was:
And I to enter was forbidden,
And all my strong intreaties chidden.
Though ne're so violent and hard,
Yet from those ioyes I was deba'rd:
But woe alas, all men must grieue,
That doe in others trust beleeue.
For there my false guide did forsake me,
And to errors did betake me.
There went he in, the more my moane,
Shutting the gate gainst me alone.
Thus hauing lost both hope and guide,
To enter in by prayers I tride;

* *Tantalus* is likewise fayned to liue in hell in water vp to the chin, & with golden apples touching his vpper lip, yet when hee would drinke, the water shrinketh from him, and when he would eate, the Apples rise aboue him, so that continually he starueth for foode.

I knockt aloud, then low and ſoft,
I offerd giftes and vowes full oft:
And yet for all, all would not ſerue,
I there was doomb'd to ſtand and ſterue.
Onely I this might heare him ſpeake,
The more my care-torne heart to breake:
Ne're looke to ſee me any more,
But paſſe with ſilence from this dore.
Which iudgement when I had receiued,
T'was vaine to ſtay, and be denied.
Hence ſprang it that I came away,
Accompanied as my ſole ſtay,
With my ſad thoughts, whilſt I inuayd,
Gainſt loue that ſuch a part had plaid
With me, who was to him more true,
Then Sunne had ſeene, or old Time knew.
Since when I ſtill haue liued alone,
Intomb'd in hell with irkſome moane:
Depriu'd of day light, and the Sunne,
A man diſgrac'ſt and all vndone.
This is my fortune and my fate,
This of my life is now the ſtate.
Death more then life I doe endure,
A ſmall reward, for faith ſo pure.
Had I bene falſe, I could but trie
The torments due t'inconſtancie,
But women wanting moderation,
Linke their loues to euery paſsion.
Yet come the worſt, this prayer I loue,
O let my Miſtreſſe happie proue.

ELEGIE. III.

The complaint of the third Gentleman Diſauenturato, *who ouercome with an extreme paſsion of rage, burnt out his owne eyes with the ſcorching heate of the Sunnes beames.*

BEhold a Martyr for pure loue,
Who more then common plagues do proue:
All my deſires are blaſted dead,
My hopes quite daſh't and buried.

Yet if my ſoule haue any ſence,
And that all is not baniſht thence:
Once more ile tell my grieues againe,
T'augment, and not to mend my paine.
'Twas not my lauiſh tongue o're bold,
Nor iealouſie now hot, now cold.
That this my blindneſſe to me brought,
But proud eyes onely this hath wrought,
VVhilſt on a time I needs would trie,
To gaze vpon a maieſtie.
More bright then are the radiant beames,
VVhich from the orient Sunne forth ſtreames.
And when preſumption needs would venter,
Into her ſacred breſt to enter,
VVhoſe heart like Adamant was ſtrong
Yet was my fault leſſe then the wrong.
I did ſuſtaine, ſince to my coſt,
My heart (being there betraid) was loſt.
But ſee the penance I did find,
Mine eyes for pride were ſtriken blind:
And hauing ſeru'd a tedious ſpace,
Yet more vnlike to purchaſe grace,
Deſpairing of all happy fortune,
As one whom madneſſe did importune,
I turnd mine eyes againſt the Sunne,
And praid by him to be vndone:
So long I gazed on his light,
Till quite was burnt out all my ſight,
Thinking it better farre for mee,
To looſe the light, then line and ſee:
And neuer hope I ſhall obtaine,
That facred ſhe I ſought in vaine.
Hence came the cauſe, my heart ere ſince,
Mine eyes of pride doth ſtill conuince,
And moſt becauſe their follies daine,
To wiſh and want hope to obtaine.
How oft haue I beheld the Sunne,
And cride out, poore lampe th'art vndone,
Thy vertue neuer had the power,
To doe what this light at this hower
Hath done to me? then if thou dare,
Thy darkſome beames with hers compare,
Beleeue it thou wilt blinder bee,
Then thy ſharpe beames haue now made mee.

Yet

Yet I no reaſon had to grieue,
Or to the Sunne ſuch taunts to giue,
But that I found my ſelfe ore throwne,
By that ſelfe weapon was mine owne.
I had no ſence to entertaine
Thoſe foes by whom I ſtill am ſlaine:
And which my hearts fort hath betraid,
And my loſſe moſt eternall made.
O you mine eyes what haue you done,
You ſuch a fatall threed haue ſpunne,
As ſtill I muſt on you vnkind,
Complaine, though neuer comfort find.
Alas I pitty others ſo,
That I am loath the world ſhould know,
That ſuch a beauty, fayre, yet cruell,
Of all my torment is the fuell.
Leaſt ſeeking on the ſame to prye,
They chance to proue as blind as I.
Yet will I tell to mine owne ſhame,
How I was plagu'd, and whence it came.

* VVithin a Temple more then faire,
A type of her beſt beauty rare,
(VVhilſt Gods and men I witneſſe take,
T'is dutie to die for her ſake)
A Temple that all all others farre
Exceeded, being paſt compare:
(And ouer all the world ſo fam'd,
Being of holy matter fram'd.)
Was her rare bodie, and ſo fine,
Compact by Architect diuine,
That he which ſeeth her will ſweare,
¶ In Paradiſe ſhe formed were.
Vpon th'one faire and th'other foote,
Stands of this building the firme roote,
Making large Baſſes in the ſame,
After a daintie nouell frame.
And on the Iuory gate moſt bright,
Was carued faire in letters white,
In Pities lap, Hope lieth dead:
No man whoſe entrance here is led
Better muſt thinke, louers be wiſe,
And looke you gouerne well your eyes,
Hence bridle your deſires o're proud,
And by Loues hand write ſeald aloud:

* As there is no building comparable to the houſe of God, ſo the Poet can compare his Miſtreſſe to nothing more excellent then to the houſe which is the houſe of diuinity therefore in this place hee maketh her a holy Temple.

¶ Paradiſe was a garden of the firſt creation ſo excellently excellent, that till the worlds conſummation there ſhall not be found any thing ſo excellent, and therefore our Poet faineth his Miſtreſſe to be created there.

O you that enter in hereat,
Despaire, no hope comes from this gate.
The precious workmanship which did,
¶ Adorne this Fane, and ne're was hid,
Bright glistering abroad each where,
Were her rich locks, her curled haire,
Lac't vp with pearle, yet they like gold.
Then Sunne more glorious to behold.
The holy Churches sacred quire,
The sight of which (all) did aspire,
* Was her rare brest of Adamant,
Where Angels musicke was not scant,
Breathing from thence an holy sound,
Of words, most wise speech, most profound.
The chiefe seates of this quire aboue,
Were her round dugs: in th'one was loue,
In th'other was his mother plac'st,
And both in both these seats were grac'st,
Glory attending on them there,
And make them know no other sphere.
In th'other roomes which are below,
Sit louely Amours all arow.
Sporting and dallying bout her still,
Yet euer pliant to her will.
* The path to that rare Vesterie,
Vnworthy to be seene with eye,
And which no guide hath power to show,
Any how they may thither goe,
Was that sweete honie dulcet way,
Whereas a pleasing death doth stay.
(As watchfull gardian) still thereat,
Not onely not to ope the gate.
To such as doe the same require,
But also euery vaine desire.
And proud thought hindreth there to enter,
Chasing away all haught aduenture.
And if that any spite of Fate,
Perforce will enter in hereat,
Behold then chastitie and feare,
Arm'd at all peeces standeth there,
And eyther doth command retreate,
Or sheweth instant deaths defeate.
The stately pillar which sustaines,
The holy Altars sacred beames,

¶ The ancient Iewes Temples and Synagogues, and the Romans also were called Fanes from the amity and denomination of *Apollos* Temple in Delphos.

* The Adamant stone of all stones is the hardest, and is that which attracteth vnto it, and is the director of the seaman in what coast soeuer he iourneyeth.

* In former times there was a Church or Temple without a Vestery, which was a place of much comelinesse adioyning vnto the Temple, wherein was kept all the Churches ornaments, and as occasion was offered, all the counsailes and secrets belonging to the Ecclesiasticall iurisdiction.

was

Was that faire *Criſtaline* white throate,
From whence the fire of loue doth ſmoake.
The goddeſſe which is worſhipt there,
Her beauty is, which hath no peare.
On whom attends with duciouſneſſe,
Pleaſing delight, ſweete louelineſſe,
Reſpectiue Hauiour, Modeſtie,
Courtlike aſpect, high Maieſty.
The ſacrifice that offred was,
¶ (By holy Flamins in their Maſſe)
Before that Image, was mine heart,
Which felt the fires continuall ſmart,
Onely to pleaſe her ſacred eyes,
Whoſe light did dimme the bright daies skies.
And as he conſecrates the ſame,
This humble ſpeech he doth declaime:
Lo here this is his heart whom death,
Canonizeth the beſt of faith.
Who cannot giue thee more then this,
His true loues ſpoyles, and liuing bliſſe,
Whileſt he his heart for incenſe lendeth,
And his beſt bloud in deare drops ſpendeth.
The toarches which gaue th'Altar light,
Blazing with beames moſt cleare and bright,
And that faire lampe which *cupid* takes,
VVhen he his fire for louers makes,
VVere her two cheekes, which plainly ſhow
How roſes did in Lyllies grow.
Before this ſacred Deity,
¶ Arabian incenſe plenteouſly,
A rare and precious veſſell throwes,
Which was her ſtraight and well form'd noſe.
The holy relicke that was plac'ſt
On the hie Altar richly inchaſt,
Was th'hidden tongue of her mouth ſweete,
Her mouth for Gods then men more meete.
And which if any durſt to kiſſe,
Death was the doome for his amiſſe.
Of Pearle and Rubie double rowes,
Did ſtand like guards of armed foes,
Before the Chauncell, to forbid
That none ſhould touch ſuch treaſure hid.
A lampe before the Alar was,
Whoſe flame each glorious ſhine did paſſe:

¶ Flamins among the Iewes were held for thoſe ſacrifizing Prieſtes which had the primere commaundement of the Altar, and were in the ſame nature, that at theſe dayes in other places are, Canons and pety Canons.

¶ According to the manner of the Iewiſh or Romiſh ceremonies there be certaine which out of certaine hollow veſſels called Cenſors, do offer vp moſt excellent perfumes which doe ſweeten the whole Church all ouer.

Which was the brightneſſe of her eyes,
Sparkling ſo faire in *Cupids* skies,
As not alone it men did moue,
But heauenly Angels vnto loue.
Now he whoſe pride dares be ſo bold,
As this Sunnes beauty to behold,
Be ſure his beſt reward is blindneſſe,
His worſt is death with much vnkindneſſe.
Now he whoſe Atheiſme doth denay,
Her power in this, let him ſuruey
My martyrdome, and he ſhall ſee,
Mine owne woes proues her deity,
The ſentences writ in this Fane,
Showing the greatneſſe of the goddeſſe name,
Which as as title was ſet downe,
To ſhew her vertues and renowne,
Was her cleare forehead, where did ſit
Venus recording holy writ,
Whilſt ſhe with her tooke counſell graue,
How loue might make the world her ſlaue.
The arch and vault of this faire worke,
(Wherein ſo many graces lurke)
Were her blacke eye-browes, louely, faire,
Form'd like a creſſent or a Semiphere,
O're which imagination might
Reade theſe faire words by darke or light:
O you that ſee this heauenly ſtory,
With care and reuerence marke her glory,
The wings of th'one and th'other ſide,
Which equall meaſure did deuide,
Were her fine armes whoſe chaine-like frame
Intangled me when firſt I came
Within this labyrinth of delight,
Whoſe purchaſe is my loſſe of ſight.
The walles which this did compaſſe round,
Were made of mixed ſtuffe profound,
Halfe Alablaſter paſsing white,
The reſt Azure and Criſtall bright.
So that without the ſplendor gaue,
To euery ſide ſuch luſtre braue,
Euen as we ſee a twinckling ſtarre,
Shine bright though ne're in heauen ſo farre.
The ſacrificers which did ſtand,
In readineſſe and at commaund,

Religious

Religious rites to put in vre,
Were chaſteſt wiſhes, thoughts moſt pure,
Murtherers of ſuch as were too bold,
Laſciuious, wanton, vncontrold.
The ornaments and hangings rich,
Of this braue Temple cald None ſuch,
Were chearefull Smiles and Courteſie,
Grace, Honour, Fauour from the eye.
The keeper that this place kept charm'd,
Was her ſtout heart in diamond arm'd,
Whom loue could neuer gentle make,
Nor euer force it pittie take.
Without the walles, the dore hard by,
You might ſee ſtand obſequiouſly,
A wofull heirſe, whoſe diſmall frame
VVas made of ſorrow, griefe, and ſhame:
By which my loyall faith ſtood mourning,
In ſable blacke all comfort ſcorning,
Performing all the funerall fires,
Belonging to my dead deſires.
VVithout all pompe it was perform'd:
VVith no one ſhow of ſtate adorn'd:
Onely made blacke, with the blacke ſmoake,
VVhich mine oft ſighing did prouoke.
This was reſeru'd till time ſhould call,
My dead ſelfe to its funerall,
VVhich day I feele drawes nie and nie,
Through anguiſh of my miſery.
No marualle though this Temple then,
(VVhich brings all bliſſe to mortall men)
Haue at the foote a maze or way,
In which continually I ſtray,
Nor wonder that I am a foole,
Since all I learne is from loues ſchoole,
¶ His ſchoole which in this lab'rinth is,
VVhere I am priſoned for my miſſe.
This and my pride is all the cauſe,
I am condemned by loues ſtearne lawes
To liue a preſident to all mankind,
Becauſe that mine audacious mind
Counſail'd min eyes to view that Sunne,
By whoſe faire beames I am vndone:
Iam vndone, ſince all my ſight,
Is loſt by hauing too much light.

¶ There was in Creete an artificiall Labyrinth or Maze, with manythouſand intricate paſſages, in which was held in priſon the Minotaure, which Minotaure was cõquered by *Theſeus* King of Thebs, by the aſſiſtance of his loue *Ariadne*, as appeareth by *Ouid*, *Seneca*, and all other Poets.

VVhich

Which light I saw could conquer me,
Much more compell me more to love.
My comfort's this, my Lady's such,
As I cannot endure too much.
For as my punishments are rare,
So she that plagues me is most faire.
And yet no plague, this but a toy,
Eternally to beare annoy
For her whose beauty and rare grace,
Fills with true prayses every place.

FINIS.